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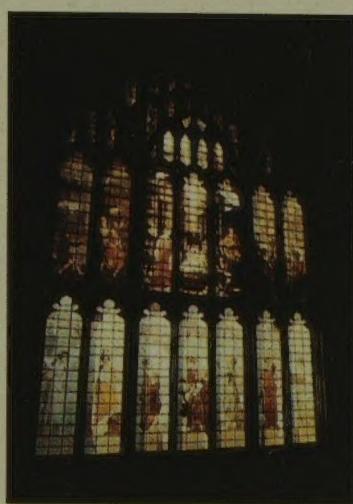
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

NUMBER 7067 VOLUME 275 JUNE 1987



LOST AND FOUND ART 40

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH
by Ed Pritchard

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20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF.
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Frequency: monthly plus Christmas number. You can make sure of receiving your copy of *The Illus-*

trated London News by placing a firm order with your newsagent or by taking out a subscription. Please send orders for subscriptions and address corrections to: ILN Subscription Department, Farnborough Road, Market Harborough, Leicestershire LE16 9NR. Telephone 0858 34567. Second-class postage paid at Rahway NJ. Postmaster: Send address corrections to The Illustrated London News, c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd Inc, 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, NJ 07001, USA. ISSN number: 0019-2422.

Newsmarket Distributor: S.M. Distribution, 16-18 Trinity Gardens, London SW9 8DX. Telephone 01-274 8611.
USA agents: British Publications Inc, 11-03 46th Avenue, Long Island City, NY 11101, USA. Subscription rates: UK £19.50 (\$29), USA/Europe £25 (\$39), Canada £25 (\$42), rest of the world £28 (\$42).



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HIGHLIGHTS

JULIA'S DEBUT

MARGARET DAVIES

The title role in Covent Garden's new production of Massenet's *Manon*, opening on June 2, will be sung by the American soprano Julia Migenes, right, to critical acclaim. She is also as well as an opera singer of growing international renown. If she brings a touch of screen glamour to the Royal Opera House, she combines it with dedication and a serious approach to the job in hand.

Manon represents not only her debut with the Royal Opera, but is her first major role in an opera singing in French in an opera house. It was, however, a French role that brought her international fame—Carmen in Francesco Rosi's film of the Bizet opera, opposite Domingo's Don José. Tailor-made for her vibrant personality, it gave her the opportunity to sing as well as act.

Born in Little Rock, Arkansas, aged 11 in New York, she went aged three to a local dancing school in Manhattan, of the kind that supplies children for parts in shows. That led to her opera début as Trouble, the non-singing child in *Madam Butterfly*.

She modestly dismisses her back-ground as well as her career. From the age of five to eight she sang and danced in musical shows and made a much-needed contribution to the family finances. Her Greek father was an alcoholic. Her mother, from whom she takes her professional

name, was a Puerto Rican of Irish descent. Her forbears having reached the New World via France and Spain, it is possible to hazard an extrapolation from her mother's genes.

Julia's formal education began when, aged nine, she went to New York's High School of Performing Arts. Although she acquired a basic musical training, it was only singing that interested her, and a blind eye was turned to her examination results. She nevertheless won a place at the Juilliard School but left the régime "too strict" and the place "too stuck up" and left after three months. Her professional career began in earnest at 17 with the role of Maria in a City Centre revival of *West Side Story*.

The same part opened the doors of the Vienna Voluptex, where she spent the next eight years singing operettas, musical comedies, the soubrette roles in Mozart's operas—all in German. Two years living in Paris provided more invaluable linguistic training and a chance to sing at the Olympia theatre. She made her début at the New York Metropolitan Opera in 1988 as Lulu in Berg's *Götterdämmerung*.

From London she is off on a concert tour of France and to make a film entitled *Berlin Blues*, based on the *Blue Angel* story, with Nicol Williamson. See Listings, p.87

JULIA MIGENES



Van Gogh's splendidly muscular *Le Pont de Trinquetaille* in Arles, left, is being sold at Christie's in London on June 29 thanks to the record £24,750,000 paid for the same artist's *Sunflowers* in March. Painted in the same year of 1888, it comes from the collection of Siegfried Kramarsky, a German Jew who settled in Amsterdam in 1924.



Traditionally June is the high point of the year for the London antiques trade, with the biggest sales grandest exhibitions and many of the most prestigious fairs. There are now four major June fairs, beginning with Olympia from June 5th to the 14th and ending with the Antiquarian Book Fair at the Park Lane Hotel from the 23rd to the 25th.

ANTIQUE PEAK

HUON MALLAIEU

In between are the oldest and grandest, Grosvenor House, and the newest, the Ceramics Fair and Seminar at the Dorchester. The Queen of the Hellenes, will open the Greek Fair, which runs from June 10 to 20.

More than 80 leading dealers are showing their best wares, and a loan display features the work of the Royal School of Needlework, including the present Queen's coronation robe. Among the dealers is an important George II bureau made of padouk wood from Sumatra on a panel-gilt stand, left, shown by Apter-Fredericks of Fulham Road.

While Grosvenor House claims to have something for everyone from £100 to £100,000, the Ceramics Fair from June 12 to 15 is more specialized. This year it features a loan display of rare English porcelain from the British Museum, and there will be more than 40 dealers in European and Oriental ceramics and glass.

See Listings, p.87



FAMILY FLAIR

ANN WILLIAMS

One of the world's most celebrated cricketers brings a team of unfamiliar players here for a five-Test series this summer. Imran Khan, below, and his Pakistan side meet England at Old Trafford for the first Test on June 4 and the second at Lord's on June 18.

Imran is no stranger to England,

having played here since he was 16 years old.

Go to any country ground when

Sussex are playing where girls can

be sure Imran is fielding. His good

looks attract almost as much attention

as his cricketing talents.

Wasim Akram seems destined to be the year's star of Pakistani cricket. The 20-year-old has been a player in class cricket in this country before, but his exploits have already attracted the attention of the Rest of the World XI selector for the MCC bicentenary match later this summer.

Wasim was a key player in Pakistan's win over West Indies in Faisalabad in October last year, and he has heart out of the Caribbean side, bowling off a short run and swinging the ball both ways to take six wickets when helped set up victory with a hard-hit 66.

Shoaib Mohammad is the son of Hanif, perhaps Pakistan's greatest batsman; it has been hard for Shoaib to live up to his name, but after a few false starts he is regaining his confidence. Family talents feature strongly in Pakistan cricket: opener Ramiz Raja is the younger brother of Wasim, who played in 57 Tests. Ramiz was one of four Pakistani centurymakers in the recent series in India.

Spinner Tauseef Ahmed—the most successful bowler on that tour-made his Test debut in October, but his appearance since have been sporadic. Tauseef's entry into Test cricket could have happened only in Pakistan as the teenager turned up to provide bowling fodder for the Test batsmen in the nets at Karachi during Australia's tour, and bowled a little too well for the side. So impressed were the Pakistan selectors that they collect his kit and move into the team's hotel. The astonished Tauseef was picked for the Test. His partner in this series is the little wizard of leg-spin, Abdul Qadir. See Listings, p.89.



PATRICK SAYER

FLAWED ROTHKO

EDWARD LUCIE-SMITH

The American painter Mark Rothko's work has been shown twice on a large scale in London: in 1962 at the Whitechapel Gallery; and in 1971 at the Hayward Gallery. The response of Londoners led to the gift of the paintings which form the Rothko Room at the Tate Gallery. The Tate's big exhibition, opening on June 17, is more comprehensive in that it includes some 25 works done before 1950, when Rothko was still a semi-figurative painter (as in his self-portrait, right). The organizers feel that these will help to illuminate the artist's often-vaunted sense of the "tragic", as well as adding a new dimension to his better-known abstracts with floating colour-blocks.

In fact the exhibition, supported by a very comprehensive catalogue, arrives at a crucial moment for his reputation. Rothko's suicide and the events that followed it, particularly the celebrated lawsuit over the handling of his estate, kept much of his legacy out of the public gaze for a long period. It also led to a certain idealization of the painter's character—not, alas, supported by the biographical facts. He emerges as an art-politician of a particularly unsympathetic kind, perpetually insecure, alternately a bully and a toady, always anxious to counter any supposed



competition from other artists.

Rothko's personal characteristics, once one has become aware of them, tend to undermine the nobility and spirituality which are commonly attributed to his work, and which were claimed without any pretensions to modesty by the painter himself. He once told an interviewer: "You might as well get one thing straight. I'm not an abstract artist... I'm not interested in the relation-

ship of colour or form or anything else. I'm interested only in expressing basic human emotions—tragedy, ecstasy, doom and so on. And the fact that a lot of people break down and cry when confronted with my pictures shows that I can communicate these basic human emotions... The people who weep before my pictures are having the same religious experience as I had when I painted them."

See Listings p88

On June 20 the Queen opens the St John Ambulance Brigade's centenary party for 100,000 children in Hyde Park.

The brothers of St John of Jerusalem set up a hospice for pilgrims in that city in the 11th century, and its knights hospitaller protected such travellers during the Crusades. By the 19th century members undertook transport of the injured in war and pioneered public first-aid training. Today the Brigade—as it became in 1887—also organizes air delivery of transplant organs throughout Europe.

GREAT JAZZMEN IN TOWN

PETER CLAYTON

When André Previn made the South Bank music season selection which bears his name (June 21-July 5) and elected to include five nights of Jazz Giants (sic), he rightly went for true gianthood. As an accidental by-product he came up with five dazzling exceptions to the once accepted rule that jazz musicians tended to die young or poor or both.

Oscar Peterson (June 27), 62 in August, is generally considered to be the most formidably articulate jazz pianist since Art Tatum—who died 31 years ago, far from rich, at 46. Oscar does a good deal of writing these days and travels the playing circuit as soloist or leading a trio for not more than three or four months a year. He battles, apparently successfully, against that pianists' nightmare, arthritis, and a still painful boyhood knee injury, and performs virtuoso keyboard music to capacity crowds all over the world.

The Modern Jazz Quartet (June



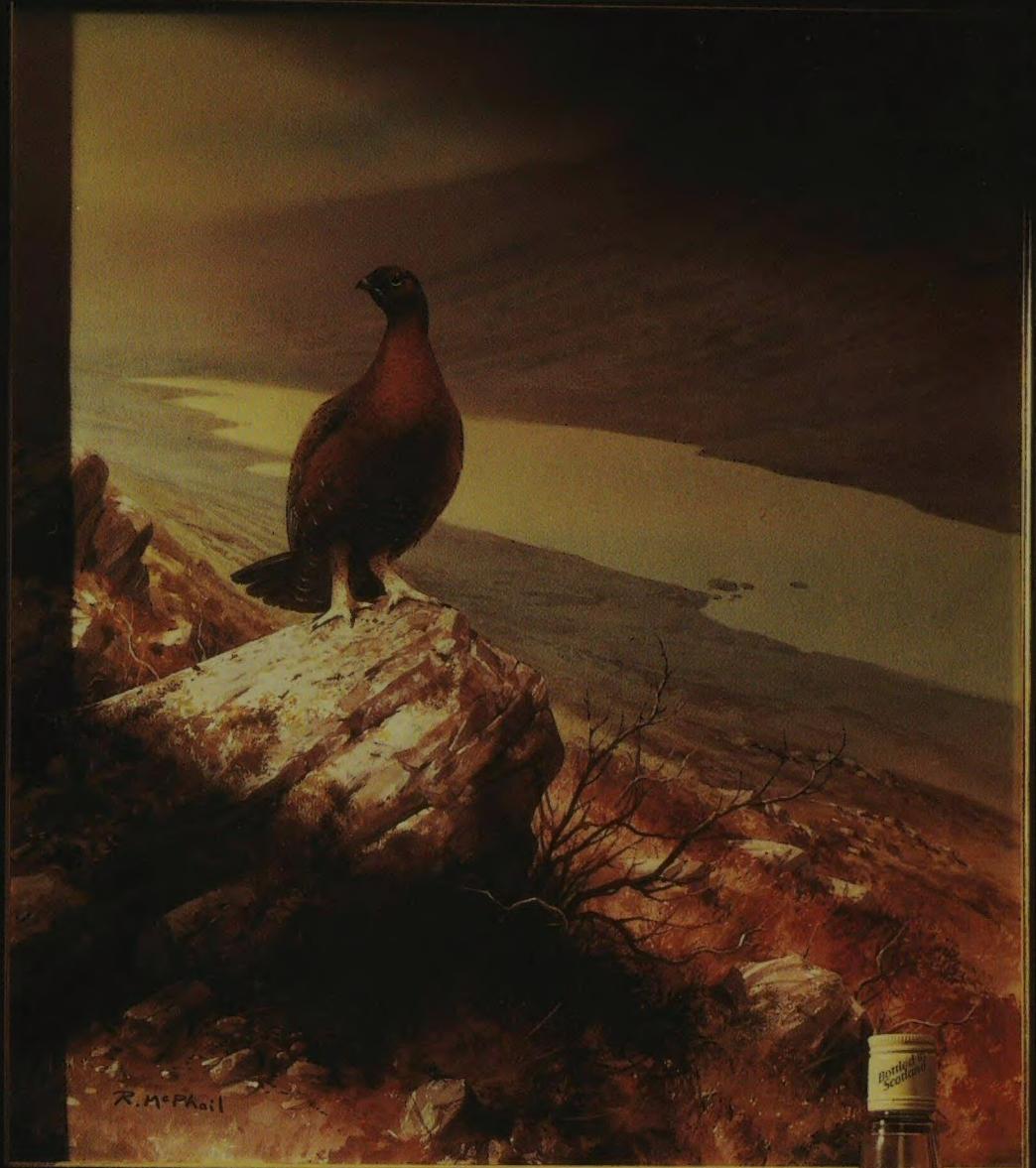
28), itself 35 years old, has a membership whose combined ages add up to 255 years. Under the shy but firm guidance of pianist John Lewis, its blend of Moss Bros formality and funkiness remains unique. On the

other hand, Miles Davis, 61, has constantly changed his setting so that his music is now all rock and almost no jazz, except in his trumpet playing.

Miles will share the youngest audiences of the five nights with Herbie

Hancock (July 1), a mere 47, who, on acoustic or electric piano, crosses at will from straight-ahead jazz to rock to disco and excels in all. He recently appeared in and produced the soundtrack album of the film *Round Midnight*. Unbelievably, Dizzy Gillespie of the grapefruit cheeks and upturned trumpet, left, will be 70 this year, and celebrates the fact (and the 50th anniversary of his first visit to Britain) by appearing on July 2 with a big band. This serious clown and exciting player is also an astute businessman, a triumphant survivor of an often destructive environment.

The André Previn Selection includes three other events of interest to jazz audiences: a tribute to George Gershwin (June 22) by Georgie Fame, Sweet Substitute and Keith Smith's band; guitarists John McLaughlin and Paco de Lucia (June 26); and that very convincing 1920s and 30s pastiche band, the Pasadena Roof Orchestra (June 28).



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Freemasons! to the Major drink—
We daurna speak, but we can wink,
An' heaven be thankit, we can think,
An' thinkin, feel richt frisky, O!
Lang may they thrive in stock an' store,
Balmenach, Craggan, an' Minmore,
An' I'll be up to ha'e a splore
In gran' Glenlivet Whisky, O!

Praise indeed for the 'Grandfather of all Scotch.' But if THE GLENLIVET was music to Scott Skinner's ears, then to W.E. Aytoun it was nothing short of miraculous.

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"Fhairson had a son
Who married Noah's daughter
And nearly spoilt ta flood
By trinking up ta water.
Which he would have done
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Had ta mixture been
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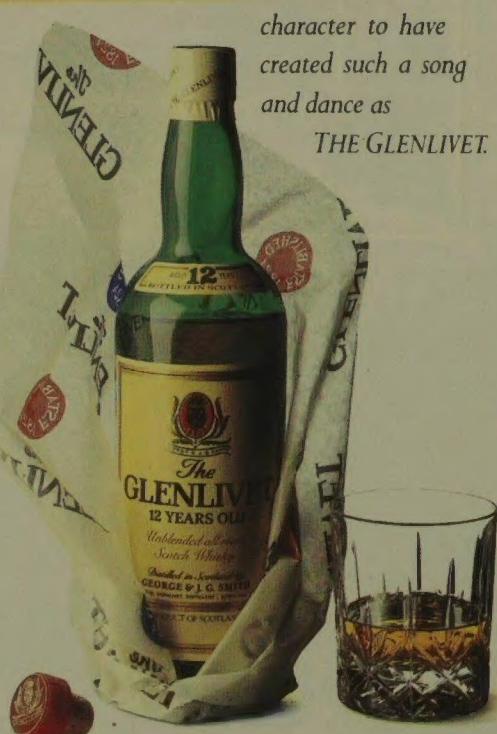
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EUROPE'S HOUR

JEREMY ALEXANDER

All good reigns come to an end. So, fortunately, do less good ones. The American rule of tennis, seized on and off court after the All England Club opened the game to professionals in 1968, is waning. The balance of power, especially among the men, has swung to Europe, as Wimbledon—opening on June 22—is likely to confirm.

West Germany or Czechoslovakia could each reasonably have both singles champions. No European country has managed that since Britain in 1934, through Fred Perry and Dorothy Round. Nowadays Britain celebrates a quarter-finalist. Virginia Wade, however, did contribute to the last European double, in 1977, with Björn Borg.

Eras start when success breeds success and end when it breeds complacency or a counter-challenge. Three times from 1964 to 1971 Australia had both Wimbledon champions. Since then America has won 20 of the 30 titles, and a game born on a lawn has sometimes seemed to be played in a bear-pit. In 1983 America had nearly half the women's entry (62 out of 128) and more than 50 men. Now Europe has 27 in the top 50, led by Sweden (9), France (5) and Czechoslovakia (4).

Martina Navratilova could win her sixth consecutive title for the United States. In 40 years only three European women, all British, have won the singles, and only four European men. A German double rests on Boris Becker and Steffi Graf. Becker, retaining his title last year after indifferent intervening form, is a Wimbledon man, thoroughly relaxed in concentration. Graf, who missed Wimbledon last year, has beaten Navratilova and came within an ace of doing so again in the US Championships last September.

The Czechoslovakian challenge, clear on paper, could vanish in the first week. Ivan Lendl has never really



This study of the Prince of Wales and Sir Jung Bahadur tiger-hunting in the Terai in 1876 is among works by William Simpson at the Fine Art Society from June 8. Reporting for *The Illustrated London News*, Simpson earned fame as a war and travel artist. From the Indian tour alone he produced 200 watercolours and drawings.

THE BIG BRIDGE PARTY

GEORGE PERRY

London's prettiest Thames crossing, Hammersmith Bridge, is 100 years old on June 18. It provides the road link between Kensington and the West End on its north side, and on the other, with leafy Surrey and its executive homes amid the pines of Esher, Cobham and Guildford. More locally, it connects the swirling traffic of Hammersmith Broadway to the green tranquillity of Barnes and the magnificent, broad Victorian boulevard, Castelnau.

Sir Joseph Bazalgette's elegant suspension bridge replaced an earlier structure in 1887. The creator of the Victoria Embankment designed the bridge in the horse-and-cart era, little knowing what demands would be made today. It is the only road crossing on a 5 mile stretch of the river, the famous University Boat Race course from Putney to Mortlake. When it was closed for weeks three years ago, after damage by overweight vehicles, the residents of Barnes found that their handy location only 15 minutes from Hyde Park Corner became an isolated peninsula.

After repairs, manned gates were installed at each end to keep juggernauts at bay but let buses through. Now there are bus-only lanes, con-

trolled by traffic lights, and the bridge seems to be safe, except from the graffiti vandals who attack the abutments so frequently they have to be repainted every few weeks.

The centenary will be celebrated on Midsummer's Day, June 21, courtesy of the borough council of Hammersmith and Fulham, which took over responsibility for the bridge when the GLC was abolished.

Revelry begins with a regatta at 11am, and the bridge will be closed to

traffic all day so that a Victorian festival can be held, including a tea party on it for local children, with prizes for the best 19th-century costume. The crowds will be drawn to Furnivall Gardens, on the north bank, where jugglers, stilt-walkers, falconers and pearly kings will turn the clock back.

After dark a flotilla of boats lit by Chinese lanterns will pass under the bridge as a torchlight procession bearing a model of the bridge for ceremonial burning marches across it.



come to grips with Wimbledon's grass, making Miloslav Mecir almost as good a bet. Hana Mandlikova can beat anyone, including herself. Whatever happens, if there are no American winners there will be few tears at the passing of an age.

V East End Jewry recalled VIBRANT PAST

DAVID SONIN

Whitechapel Road, Black Lion Yard, Brick Lane, Fashion Street... East End place names, but for a generation of Anglo-Jews landmarks of a brief (1880-1939) vibrant and sometimes eventful history that witnessed the bulk of British Jewry taking its first steps towards absorption with and integration into wider society.

Britain's first large-scale experience of ethnic immigration—an estimated 120,000 Jews arrived between 1880 and 1905—will be recalled in a Celebration of the Jewish East End, many of whose main attractions open in June. Exhibitions, lectures, films, performances of Yiddish and Jewish song and plays will illuminate the exotic flavour of the lives of these settlers from Russia and Poland.

Few traces of the Jewish East End survive: the Shaws and the Gandhis have replaced the Cohens and Jacobs in the shops and stalls, the crescent has supplanted the star as many synagogues have been revived from redundancy to become mosques or Hindu temples, and the old Jewish clubhouses have become multi-cultural community centres. But the Celebration will go a long way to revive the sense of clannishness, the struggles and hardships, the squalor and prejudice that spiced East End Jewish existence.

To give a few examples: the East Ender's home life will be examined in an exhibition at the Stepney Green Court clubhouse (June 2-August 31), while their spiritual lives will be re-



JEWISH WOMEN IN LONDON ARCHIVE

flected in a separate show dealing with the history and activities of the East End's synagogues (19 Princelet Street, E1, June 15-July 30). Our picture shows a 1922 wedding at the old Great Synagogue in Duke's Place. Other exhibitions will recall the immigrants' lives as craftsmen in the boot, shoe, furniture, hat-making,

tailoring, fur and tobacco trades. Whatever their circumstances, Jews developed a vital cultural life. The spotlight will be turned on the Yiddish theatre at an exhibition in the National Theatre foyer (June 30-August 8). *More details from Helen Carpenter, telephone 377 0481.*

BATH IN THE ROUND

SALLY RICHARDSON

On June 15 Britain's largest painting on canvas will go on show in Jubilee Gardens on the South Bank. Roger Hallett's panorama of Bath is 200 feet long and 20 feet high. It will be mounted on the inside of a specially-built cylindrical case, which visitors will enter from a tunnel.

The canvas took three and a half years to paint and is a true representation of Bath as it appeared to Hallett at 3pm on October 14, 1983. On that day the intrepid painter drifted over Bath's Alexandra Park in a hot-air balloon from which he took many

photographs. He worked on the canvas in an old warehouse poised on his mighty easel of scaffolding.

Hallett has in effect revived an 18th-century medium. At one time many cities had these panoramas, often recording battles abroad. They were run as family businesses and people paid to see them.

After early years as a theatrical backdrop painter, Hallett studied at the Slade and later went to Australia. While taking his annual art course in Holland he saw Mesdag's panorama of Scheveningen in The Hague and

eventually resolved to produce a panorama of Bath.

As with the 18th-century panoramas Hallett's is a private limited company—Bath Panorama Ltd—and run by his partner Douglas Pike. Insured for £60,000, the canvas is owned by 40-odd shareholders whose portraits are painted into the foreground. After its four-month show on the South Bank it is hoped the canvas will return to Bath, though no permanent home has yet been found. Hallett now wants to paint a panorama of Venice.



REX FEATURES

NOBLE AGAIN

PAUL DUNCAN

In the 19th century Trafalgar Square was the noblest square in London, its monuments a measure of its significance. Acknowledged as the gateway to the centre of government at Whitehall and the monarchy in the Mall, it was seen as the focal point of the Empire. Now it is simply a squalid island hemmed in by traffic. The trampling feet of some two million visitors annually have smashed its paving and abused its furniture.

But not for much longer. June sees the completion of the first step towards a major facelift. Nelson, on top of Railton's 170 foot column, will be unveiled, cleansed and restored, with the granite column and Landseer's lions. With Donald Insall & Associates acting as consultants, the Department of the Environment is then expected to give the go-ahead for a scheme, announced last July, to upgrade the appearance of the square and renew its vigour.

Although Charles Barry's design (1840-43) will remain unaltered, the consultants expect the Lutyens fountains and the memorials to the great—Nelson, Napier, Beatty and Jellicoe—to be pulled together visually by a renewed surface of paving slabs of various types and colours in a design richer and more elaborate than before.

Redundant, broken street furniture will be replaced by a more homogeneous mixture drawn from relics in the square, and the replanting of trees opposite the National Gallery will redefine the northern, raised limit.

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FOR THE RECORD

Tuesday, April 7

The ferry *Herald of Free Enterprise*, which sank off Zeebrugge in March, was righted after a nine-hour winching operation. On April 27 it was successfully refloated and towed into the Belgian harbour. On April 28 Townsend Thoresen Car Ferries admitted full responsibility for the disaster in which 196 people are believed to have lost their lives.

Wednesday, April 8

Keith Best, Conservative MP for Ynys Mon in north Wales, said he would stand down at the next election in response to controversy over his multiple applications for British Telecom shares. On April 10 a second Conservative MP, Eric Cockeram, also said he would resign after admitting that he had made multiple applications for British Gas shares.

Thursday, April 9

The Government announced that it would launch an inquiry into the £615 million acquisition by the Egyptian Al-Fayed family of the House of Fraser, the department stores group which includes Harrods.

The Government withdrew from the NH-90 European helicopter project with the loss of 2,000 jobs at Westland but guaranteed a £300 million rescue package to secure the future of the company for the next decade.

The Italian Premier Bettino Craxi resigned for the second time in six weeks after moves to organize a new five-party coalition failed.

Sir David Wilson was sworn in as the 27th Governor of Hong Kong.

The Princess of Wales opened Britain's first specially designed Aids ward at London's Middlesex Hospital.

Friday, April 10

Official figures showed that there were a record 102,980 homeless people in England, almost double the 1978 figure.

Sunday, April 12

Two Northern Ireland police reservists were shot dead in Portrush. The IRA claimed responsibility.

American golfer Larry Mize won the US Masters in Augusta, Georgia, after a sudden-death play-off.

Monday, April 13

A High Court judge blocked the extradition to Belgium of 26 British soccer fans accused of manslaughter following the Heysel Stadium riot in 1985 because the extradition orders were technically flawed.

Tuesday, April 14

Mikhail Gorbachev, the Soviet leader, offered to scrap all short-range missiles in Europe during discussions in Moscow with George Shultz, the US Secretary of State, on reducing medium-range missiles. On April 19 Viktor Karpov, director of arms control for the Soviet Foreign Ministry, said on American television that Moscow was also willing to "redress any imbalances" in conventional forces.

Thursday, April 16

Pakistan agreed to buy three Royal Navy Type 23 frigates for £557 million.

A British surgeon, Dr Pauline Cutting, and a Scottish nurse, Susan Wighton, arrived back in Britain after working for five months in the Palestinian refugee camp of Bourj-al-Barajneh in Beirut during its siege by Muslim gunmen.

Friday, April 17

At least 107 people were killed and 60

wounded during an ambush by Tamil separatists on a bus in Trincomalee, Sri Lanka.

Saturday, April 18

A Scottish engineer, Robert Maxwell, was released from a Tripoli jail after serving four years of a 12-year sentence for alleged "economic sabotage".

Lloyd Honeyghan retained his world welterweight boxing title after defeating the American challenger, Maurice Blocker, on points at the Royal Albert Hall.

Cecil King, former chairman of the *Daily Mirror*, died aged 86.

Sunday, April 19

President Alfonsin of Argentina obtained the surrender of 150 army officers at the Campo del Mayo military base near Buenos Aires after a three-day rebellion protesting at the military high command.

Tuesday, April 21

More than 150 people were killed when a bomb planted by Tamil separatists exploded in a bus depot in Colombo. The following day Sri Lanka's air force attacked Tamil rebel bases in the north of the country killing at least 80 people.

Wednesday, April 22

Six South African strikers were killed and many more injured as security forces and striking workers clashed in Johannesburg.

The Queen made former Prime Minister James Callaghan a knight commander of the Order of the Garter.

Thursday, April 23

The Government awarded in full a Review Body recommendation for an average 9.5 per cent salary increase for 500,000 nurses.

Six people, including two policemen, were killed and 20 others wounded when a gunman shot at passers-by in a crowded shopping precinct in Florida. He was arrested after an eight-hour siege.

Friday, April 24

Three French trawermen died when their vessel sank after a collision with the Sealink ferry *Hengist* in the harbour at Boulogne.

Saturday, April 25

Lord Justice Maurice Gibson and his wife, Cecily, were assassinated by an IRA car bomb just after they had crossed the border from the Irish Republic into Ulster.

Four African National Congress guerrillas were killed in Livingstone, Zambia, when they encountered South African soldiers on a reconnaissance mission. On April 27 several hundred students fought with police while protesting about the raid.

Sunday, April 26

Four years of disarray within the Palestine Liberation Organisation ended after a five-day meeting in Algiers which curbed the power of the PLO leader Yasser Arafat and barred the organization from contact with Egypt.

News on Sunday, a new left-wing tabloid newspaper, was published for the first time.

John Silkin, former Government Chief Whip and Labour Minister for Agriculture, died aged 64.

Monday, April 27

The US Justice Department said that President Kurt Waldheim of Austria was to be placed on a "watch list" and barred from entering the United States as a private citizen because of his alleged activities during the Second World War.

The Government announced an extra £10 million for inner-city projects intended to create jobs and improve the environment.

Sir Michael Havers, the Attorney General, issued contempt of court proceedings against *The Independent*, *The London Evening Standard* and *The London Daily News* after the publication of passages from the banned book, *Spycatcher*, by the former MI5 officer, Peter Wright.

Tuesday, April 28

British bank base rates were cut by $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent to $9\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. On May 8, the rate was cut to 9 per cent.

The Constable painting *The Opening of Waterloo Bridge* was saved for the nation after the Clowes Foundation put up £430,000 to meet a shortfall in the Tate Gallery's appeal target of £3 million.

The liner QE2 returned to her home port of Southampton after a £100 million refit in West Germany.

Thursday, April 30

Miesque, ridden by Freddie Head and trained in France by François Boutin, won the 1,000 Guineas at Newmarket.

Friday, May 1

The Government abandoned plans to dump low-level nuclear waste in shallow trenches in four rural areas—South Killingholme, Humberside; Fulbeck, Lincolnshire; Elstow, Bedfordshire; and Bradwell, Essex.

An inquiry report into the sinking of the sailing ship *Marques* off Bermuda during the Tall Ships Race in 1984 with the loss of 19 lives said that the ship was unseaworthy because of inadequate stability.

13 people were killed and 35 were wounded when Israeli fighter-bombers attacked Palestinian targets near Sidon. On

Six people were shot dead and many others injured when South African police clashed with striking black railway workers near Doornfontein Station, above, in central Johannesburg, and in nearby Germiston. The strike arose because the South African Transport Services refused to recognize the Railway and Harbours Union.



A model of Robert Venturi's design for the Sainsbury Wing of the National Gallery was unveiled in April.
Below, Hiromi Taniguchi of Japan won the London Marathon.
Only 1,290 of the 21,000 runners failed to complete the 26 mile 385 yard course.



TERRY FRASER

May 6 Israeli jets launched a rocket attack on the Ein Helwe Palestinian camp at Sidon killing at least eight people and three days later a further 10 people were killed during a similar Israeli raid.

The West End musical *Cabaret* closed after the breakdown of talks between the show's producers and the Musicians' Union over the sacking of five musicians for alleged bad playing and drunkenness.

Saturday, May 4

Don't Forget Me, ridden by Willie Carson and trained by Richard Hannon, won the 2,000 Guineas at Newmarket.

Monday, May 6

120 people were arrested at Witwatersrand University in Johannesburg after riot police charged a banned meeting that was to be addressed by black nationalist Winnie Mandela.

Everton became Football League Champions for the second time in three years.

Steve Davis won the Embassy World Snooker title beating Joe Johnson 18-14 in Sheffield.

More than 175 people were thought to have been killed after a mudslide engulfed the Sumatran village of Koto Panjang.

Tuesday, May 5

Frances Morrell was deposed as chairman of the Inner London Education Authority during a vote by the Labour caucus. She was succeeded

by Neil Fletcher, an official with the union Nalgo.

The Prince of Wales opened Britain's most advanced micro-chip factory—Plessey's new plant in Plymouth—and compared it to a "Victorian prison".

Wing Commander Stanford-Tuck, Second World War fighter ace, died aged 70.

Wednesday, May 6

President Botha's ruling National Party won the general election with an increased majority at the House of Assembly. Almost a million township blacks stayed away from work during a two-day protest at the whites-only elections.

Tom King, the Northern Ireland Secretary, said that security forces would be strengthened by recruiting 500 police reservists to the RUC and that SAS undercover operations would be stepped up to tackle the new wave of IRA violence.

A Government White Paper reaffirmed Britain's commitment to nuclear weapons but said financial constraints would lead to difficult choices in defence priorities.

Mrs Thatcher rejected a call from Sir James Callaghan to set up an inquiry into allegations that members of MI5 plotted to undermine the Wilson government of 1974-76.

William Casey, former director of the CIA, died aged 74.

Thursday, May 7

In local elections in the shire councils and metropolitan boroughs of England and Wales the Conservatives had a net gain of 75 seats, winning 40 per cent of the total vote; Labour had a net loss of 227 seats (31 per cent) and the Liberal/SDP Alliance a net gain of 453 seats (27 per cent).

Colin Blakely, the actor, died aged 56.

Friday, May 8

Nine people, including eight IRA terrorists, were killed in a gun battle with police and undercover troops during a bomb attack on a police station at Loughall, County Armagh.

Gary Hart, the Democratic Party front-runner, pulled out of the race for the US Presidential nomination after newspaper allegations that he had been involved in extra-marital affairs.

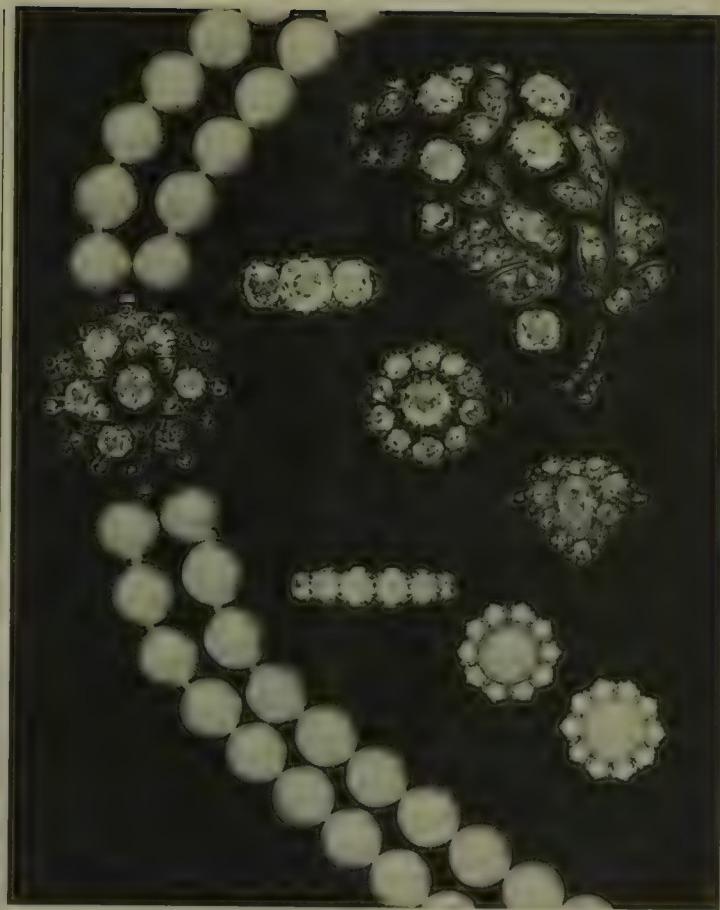
Saturday, May 9

183 people were killed when a Polish Airlines Ilyushin 62 crashed while trying to make an emergency landing just after take-off from Warsaw airport.

Sunday, May 10

The Japanese runner Hiromi Taniguchi won the Seventh London Marathon in 2hrs 9mins 50secs and Ingrid Kristiansen of Norway was the first woman to cross the line, in 2hrs 22mins 48secs.

Sir Noel Murless, the racehorse trainer, died aged 76.



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MRS THATCHER: Why I want a third term

JAMES BISHOP'S EXCLUSIVE INTERVIEW WITH THE PRIME MINISTER

James Bishop: Prime Minister, when you go to the country you will be asking for a third term of office. Seldom has any British government enjoyed this length of time. Is there particular justification why your government should be given a third term?

Prime Minister: I think the main justification is that we have achieved a complete turnaround of the prospects for Britain. There is a total new confidence and a new spirit, when you compare it now with what it was like in 1979, when we took over. We've run the basic finances prudently; defence is confident; we've given law and order enough resources; manufacturing has risen to the challenge of making itself competitive through its own improved management, helped by our reduced controls and by the change in trade union law.

We have concentrated on the much wider spread of ownership of property, as a great part of our general theme. We believe in people building up their own independence, their own responsibility, and that means a much, much wider spread of property. The standard of living is higher. Not only has growth continued for six years in succession, but we have at last got both an increasing number of jobs and falling unemployment. The prospects for the future are good, and that, too, has enabled us to do more for the social services than any previous government. Add to that, the fact that Britain's standing in the world is higher than it has been for many a long year.

I think that's not a bad basis on which to ask for a third term.

But you will not be going to the country asking to be rewarded for what you have done?

Good Heavens, no. We have set our course,

Shortly before the Prime Minister announced her decision about the general election she talked to the Editor of *The Illustrated London News* about the achievements and disappointments of her eight years in office, and the reasons why she believes her Government can justify a third term. The prospects for everyone in Britain are being transformed, Mrs Thatcher says, and what used to be the expectations and privileges of the few have become the expectations and necessities of the many. In this exclusive interview, which took place at 10 Downing Street, Mrs Thatcher made clear that she is confident she has the stamina and the desire for another five years in office.

everyone knew what it was, and we are ready to go forward on the next part of the voyage. The next moves forward will all be positive, based on the same fundamental principles.

The middle-of-the-road voter, the one who is most likely to change his vote from one election to another, and which particularly seems to have been happening in by-elections recently, has a number of concerns, including the high rate of unemployment.

Of course there's worry about unemployment. But look at the amount of hidden unemployment there was when we came in, with restrictive practices, with over-manning. Industry was getting totally uncompetitive. Look at the steps we've had to take to make it competitive. If we hadn't taken those steps, whole industries would have gone out of business, and unemployment would have been far worse.

Look at the steps we've taken to get inflation down. If we hadn't, if we had continued with rip-roaring inflation, we would have lost all our export trade and unemployment would have been far worse.

Look at the steps we've taken to restore initiative, so that it has become worthwhile to start up business on your own, worthwhile our top scientists, engineers, managers, staying here. And if we hadn't done that, and had the tax reliefs, and made all the effort worthwhile, unemployment would have been far higher than it is.

New jobs come from new business, from expanding business, and that is what has been happening. That is a very positive approach. It is the only realistic approach. It is the only approach producing success.

Another concern of the middle-of-the-road voter is the apparent polarization of the political parties into extreme left and right.

What has been extreme about any single thing which the government I've had the privilege to lead has introduced? Is it extreme to cut tax? To enable top managers and scientists and engineers and writers and great people in the entertainment world to stay here? Of course it isn't. Do you think it's extreme to try to see that nurses, teachers, factory workers pay less tax? Do you think it extreme to appoint pay review bodies for nurses, to give a fair deal for teachers? Do you think it extreme to get rid of statutory pay controls, statutory price controls?

Do you think it extreme to want to spread ownership more widely? Do you think it extreme to say, look, if you want to do more things, first you've got to get the growth before you can distribute the results and the fruits? That's what we've done.

Do you think it extreme to hand more power away from the trade union bosses to the ordinary decent hard-working members of trade unions? Do you think it extreme to have more police, to give them better equipment, to restore their morale?

There is nothing extreme in what we have done. Do you think it extreme to see that this country is properly defended? There is nothing extreme, and I take you to task very much for the totally false premise that because the left, or parts of the left, are Trotskyite militant-tendency there are parts of my party which are extreme.

A third concern is the growth of a north-south division within the country.

That is something that is spoken of very readily, and very easily. The north of course used to be the very wealthy part, because that is where our great industries developed, based on coal, steel, shipping, shipbuilding, heavy engineering. They became too dependent on some of those things. Other parts of the country also had those: there is Vosper Thorneycroft down in Southampton, there are coal mines in Kent, there's steel in Wales, and where you get any major factory closing down the consequences are devastating. We lost quite a bit of our car industry, not in the north, but in Birmingham, and a lot of engineering. I think people speak in far too facile a way about this.

There are parts throughout the country where we have pockets of high unemployment because they have been particularly dependent on one particular industry or one product, and times have changed. Certainly there is a greater proportion of it in the north, but the north is fighting back. Textiles have made a really big fight-back in the north-west. They're doing very much better. We're still having difficulty with shipbuilding, and will continue to have, because the whole world gave subsidies to building ships, and now there are two years' supply of new ships swinging on the buoys. We had to modernize steel and make it competitive.

Yes, there are some problems. In the post-war period there has been a difference between north and south, but proportionately the difference is not really greater now than it used to be. What I can't stand is people running down the north, or some of those who come from there giving the impression that it really is a wasteland. I go up there: the roads are among the best in Britain—look at the roads in the north-east: fantastic! Look at the roads round Manchester—access to the whole of the country: fantastic!

Their universities are excellent, the facilities in Manchester, in Newcastle, the universities, the polytechnics, some of the teaching hospitals, are absolutely first class. We are getting more of the arts into the provinces, but look again at Manchester—its music; fantastic! The Royal Northern School, Cheetham's School of Music, the Halle Orchestra, the art galleries. When I went up there to the Chamber of Commerce they told me there were the best restaurants in the country, and we certainly had traffic jams. And you can get out to the country quickly. The housing costs are lower. The travelling costs are lower. I wish sometimes that they would shout from the rooftops about the fantastic advantages they have.

They have a very great deal going for them. I opened the new Nissan factory; they chose to go to Sunderland, I was thrilled. We worked jolly hard to get the Chinese ships, and we got them for Govan, and nobody's

more thrilled than I am at the news that Glasgow is to be the cultural city of Europe in the early 1990s. Scotland: second highest income per head in the United Kingdom except London and the south-east. Lower costs, lower housing costs, and therefore a bigger proportion of their income to spend. Edinburgh, the second financial centre of the United Kingdom, an enormous number of people engaged upon it.

So, I think the north-south thing is exaggerated. There is a problem in that the north has a bigger proportion of heavy engineering industries, of shipbuilding, than the south, but now self-employment is coming back, small businesses are coming back, enterprise allowances are getting young people who've been out of work starting up on their own. It was people starting up on their own that built Britain. It was this spirit of enterprise that is enjoying a rebirth. This is the basis on which we shall continue to go forward.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ED FRITHARD



**There is nothing
extreme in
what we
have done**

Two other particular areas of anxiety are the fall in standards of education and the apparent decline in the health service.

Let's take the health service first. You tell me one government that has put more into the health service than this one. No government has put in more money, in real terms, no government has had a higher number of nurses, more doctors, more patients treated, and no government has given the medical services, professions supplementary to medicine, and the nurses, a better pay deal. Governments don't pay, the people do. When I came to Number 10, dividing the country into families, you would find that a family of four paid every week, through its taxes, to the health service, under £11 a week. Now it pays £27 a week, whether it uses it, whether it has need to call on it or not.

It's the people who pay, and they have lots of other demands. The same family of four pays £23 a week for education, and on average £55 a week for the great social security, for pensions, for sickness benefit, for unemployment benefit, for maternity benefit. I am saying, when people start promising

things, they should be reminded it's their constituents' money they are promising. Don't put your hand too deeply into their pockets. There is no point in politicians being so generous with the taxpayer's money that the ordinary person hasn't enough left to be generous to their own family, their own old folk, their own hobbies, and their own voluntary causes. So that's health.

Education? More is spent per pupil than ever before. There's a bigger proportion of teachers to pupils than ever before. Teachers are better trained, better qualified. And you may well ask, with that record, why it is that pupils are not getting as good an education as we wish children should have.

That is indeed what people are asking.

It's not lack of resources, it's not lack of training of teachers, it's not lack of more teachers, on the contrary all of that has happened. This is why we are looking at policies which we have not looked at before. We are seeing that although in some local authority areas some children are getting a superb education, in others it is just not good at all. Education is not free, any more than health is free. The taxpayer and the ratepayer pay for it, and in some cases we do not think they are getting a fair deal.

So yes, there are fundamental proposals for changing education and we have, in our last Act, put more power into the hands of parents to influence their children's education, because the parents know—and the children know—when they are not getting a good education. We are taking powers to have a basic curriculum, because we are getting too many complaints that young people, after 11 years of compulsory education from the age of five to 16, are leaving without some of the basic capabilities. Every child, no matter how average, no matter if they are comparatively slow learners, they all ought to have certain basic abilities.

We have, again, given the teachers the best pay deal they have ever had. We really are trying to improve the prestige of teachers, but for that you need their co-operation. I believe the majority of teachers are with us. They do not believe in taking it out on the children if they do not get everything they want for themselves. The majority of teachers are professional, but there are others who, I think, do not always enhance the teaching profession. A profession does not go on strike and damage the interests of the children. It just does not.

It is a common criticism of people opposed to you, particularly politicians, that as a result of your policy of free enterprise and self-reliance, of encouraging people to do things for themselves instead of relying on government, that this government has been uncaring. How would you refute that?

The people who talk most about caring are not always the people who do most about it. The criticism comes from those who cut the hospital programme in the National Health Service, who cut in real terms for two years the amount spent on the Health Service, because they got the country in such a financial mess that we had to go, like some Third World country, to be bailed out by the

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International Monetary Fund. These are the people who actually cut the pensioners' Christmas bonus, cut it out, for two years. These are the people under whose stewardship the pay of nurses actually fell in terms of what it would buy. These are the people who talk about not caring.

Before you can find the practical means with which to care, someone has to create the wealth, and then it can be distributed. The wealth is being created and, as I have indicated to you, it is also being distributed to the health and welfare and education services.

I personally would regard it as caring to run a policy which enables parents, as a result of their own efforts and their own hard work, to do better for their own children, to be responsible for their own children, to want to give them a better home, to want to earn enough out of their own effort to give the children prospects of seeing countries and places that they never saw; to save and to have something to hand on to the children at the end of the day; to build up a building society account for children from a young age. That is real caring. Caring you can do for yourself out of your own effort.

People work for their families and so long as they can do that they will go on working. They will pay a fair whack of tax. They understand that you have to pay tax to keep the great services going and to keep defence going, but you do not care for people by taking away too big a proportion of the fruits of their own work. That is not caring for them. That is disregarding their legitimate rights and aspirations.

You mentioned defence. Things have been moving quite fast since your visit to Russia, and now there seems a distinct possibility that there will be some progress on nuclear disarmament, at least on the removal of intermediate nuclear weapons in Europe. Does this, do you think, create a problem for NATO and the defence of Europe?

I believe that there will be an agreement on intermediate nuclear missiles. I hope it can come about this year. And I believe we shall come to an arrangement among the NATO allies as to how we tackle the related shorter-range missiles, down to about 400 kilometres range, for example. But we also have to look at the imbalance in chemical weapons, the total imbalance in conventional weapons, and never make an agreement which undermines or risks undermining our fundamental defensive position. That is why we have to look at conventional weapons, because the Soviets have an enormous lead over us in tanks, in aircraft, also in chemical weapons, because we abolished ours years ago and the Americans did not modernize theirs.

May I make it perfectly clear that such an agreement would give an increasing significance to the British and French independent nuclear deterrent. I constantly explain, when I am dealing and talking to the Soviet Union, something which Winston Churchill pointed out, that nuclear deterrence is the only thing which makes the smaller countries like Britain and France able to stand up to countries like the Soviet Union. We have the nuclear weapon. It has in fact stopped not only nuclear war but conventional war as well. Far too many people seem not to take

that into account. Another conventional war in Europe would be terrible—infinitely worse even than the last two—and the existence of the nuclear weapon has, I believe, prevented that because nuclear weapons are so horrific that everyone knows that if a war was to start there could be no victory. But I believe that we shall come to an arrangement on the intermediate, with associated constraints on short range. We shall go hard on the Russians destroying their chemical weapons. And we shall say that we cannot go any further until we achieve parity in conventional force.

Would you be happy for the Americans and the Soviets to make an agreement where they were both to pull out all their missiles but the British Government were to retain theirs?

We are not talking about withdrawal of all missiles. The present talks are about land-



based missiles. They are not about air-launched nor about sea-based missiles. The intermediate-range missiles would go in return for the Russian SS20s. But then you also have the 400-1,000 kilometre range ones in which we are seeking constraints. And there are the smaller ones which, as you know, NATO is considering modernizing and which are closely associated with conventional weapons. Also there are the dual-capable aircraft which are not in the present negotiations at all. Nor are the British and French independent nuclear deterrents. So an agreement would not leave us totally naked.

And you don't feel any fear at the end of the day that Europe might be dangerously exposed?

We should not make an agreement which we felt would dangerously expose Europe but, as I indicated, it gives a bigger significance to the British and French independent nuclear deterrents, as Trident will in our case.

And that assumes that the United States would also not make such an agreement?

I don't believe the United States would. No, they are consulting with us at every stage. The United States is in Europe not only out of friendship with Europe and historical association and joint heritage and so on, but also because it is in the United States' own interest to be in Europe.

International terrorism has developed very much over the last few years. It appeared that we had some agreement on the way it should be handled, with the British Government supporting the American attack on Libya to try and eliminate terrorist bases there. But this was followed by the American deal over the hostages in Beirut, which seemed to go against the agreement on how international terrorism should be handled. Do you feel that the situation is now more difficult than it was?

Well, you know my view on this, and we have stood by it consistently. We do not pay ransom for hostages, because if ever you do that, it means that the terrorist countries only have to seize a few more hostages to blackmail you for what it wants. I have stuck rigidly to that, and let me tell you that it is not always easy, and I will continue to stick to it because it is the right policy. But I do understand how people feel sometimes, when they get relatives coming to them and saying "Look, it is all very well for you to say that, but my husband/brother/son, has been taken hostage, through no fault of his own, and you do not know how I feel about him." Well, of course one knows how they feel but one has—I am afraid—to stand, and sometimes you get a hard reputation for doing it, but you have to stick to it otherwise you are exposing far more people and far more lives. So we have stuck to that absolutely, and I must say that I believe that to be the right policy. When it comes to co-operating about terrorism, the less said about it the better because the more effectively you can then co-operate.

What would you regard as the main achievements of the last eight years?

When we came into office there was far too much power in the hands of the state: too many nationalized industries, too many controls; statutory incomes and prices and dividend policy, exchange controls, industrial development certificates; and far too many shackles on private enterprise. And, of course, high direct taxation is a form of government control over people.

Now we have released many, many of those and it is only because we have released them and only because we got direct taxation down that we have got the growth and the rebirth of enterprise. We have associated it all along with wider distribution of property, more power to the individual citizen to purchase his own council house, for example, and far more prospects of becoming a share owner. I believe there are about eight million shares in individual hands and governments are not good at running industries. Government should know their own limitations. So all of that has been done. It is a sort of return of greater responsibility to people, greater freedom, coupled with greater responsibility and it is working. You see, you need a free society under a rule of law, not only in order

to have the dignity of freedom and the dignity of improving yourself by your own effort but in order to have greater prosperity. Look at the societies that have not got it. The Soviet Union has not got individual freedom, the Soviet Union has total control by the State and it does not produce either dignity for their citizens, which is why they are wanting to change it, nor prosperity for their citizens, which is also why they are wanting to change it.

It is redressing the balance of power in favour of the citizen. It is returning genuine power and responsibility to people, but having government very, very strong on things which only government can do: defence, law and order, sound financial policies, then setting the framework of law and regulation within which industry and commerce can thrive.

During our period in office we have tried, and we are getting well on the way, to ensure that what used to be the expectations and the privileges of the few have become the expectations and necessities of the many. Look at the supermarkets; they are full. Look at the shops, at the amount of money that is being spent. Look at the number of people who own their houses, the number of people who own shares. Within another 20 years the prospects of everyone in this country will be transformed. They can look to a time when their grandparents and great-grandparents are in a position to leave something to their families, almost as a matter of form. This is the way to build one nation. You are not talking about a north-south divide, you are talking about rising prosperity being created by people's own effort, and being able to keep the fruits of their own effort, to build up their own independence, their own security and to pass it on to future generations.

What would you say you were most unhappy about failing to achieve?

I am not going to say, because there are several things which one would have liked to have done more about. Let me put it this way: we waited to move on education, but the reason we are having to move now is that some of the Labour councils in power, I believe, have behaved so appallingly—I need hardly tell you; it is there for all to see—changing the conventions between local government and central government. We are now getting blamed for some very bad education, even though some of those authorities, ILEA for example, is spending enormous sums of money. But the children are not getting properly educated and that is why we are now moving on education.

We are doing a great deal on the environment as well. People do not generally realize it, but there is far more land under the green belt than there was when we came into power. We set up the National Heritage Fund, we are doing a great deal of conservation. We have also done more for the arts.

I tell you one thing that bothers me no end and it is something that people could do for themselves. We talk about environment, but look at the amount of litter about. It is no good saying you expect local authorities or other people to clear it up. The thing is we ought not to throw these things away. It is a scar over so many places, in the towns, on the

motorways. It is dreadful. It is worse here than in other countries. It is a thing which people can do for themselves. One day we will simply have to double or treble the fine for throwing litter down and have a real good go at it, saying: "Now look, the police have got enough to do!". It is horrid, it is dreadful.

Are you concerned that we appear to be becoming a more violent society?

The worse thing of all is violence. Every person, every single person, can choose between good and evil. Every person who turns to violence, it is his or her decision. What we have to do is to try to provide the forces of law and order. It would be much worse if we had not strengthened the police, strengthened the courts, strengthened sentences, and started a prison building programme. But please understand, this is violence within the person. In a free society it is

fair to both parts of the population, and I hope that eventually it will come to be more accepted than it is now. In the meantime we just have to carry on doing our level best—through a greatly increased RUC and through the armed forces—to protect the civilian population, to enable them to lead their own lives.

If we had any ready-made solutions, you know, we would have put them into practice. We can't help being concerned about the situation. Young people who join the armed forces go to Northern Ireland in support of the civil power, they suffer casualties, and so indeed do the RUC. Surely one is entitled to say to both of the two traditions in Northern Ireland that you really must make yet another effort to get on together, living as you do in the same country and it being known that there can be no change in the status of that country without the consent of the majority of its citizens, with it also being known that human rights and non-discriminatory treatment extend to everyone.

Perhaps you will regard this as a hypothetical question . . .

If you say so I'm sure I shall. Thank you for giving me that answer.

. . . I was trying to ensure that you wouldn't give me that answer! My question is, in the event of tactical voting leading to a hung parliament, would you be prepared to negotiate with other parties?

You're quite right, I am going to regard this as a hypothetical question. But when it comes to an election campaign, if you're asked what you stand for as a British citizen, what are you going to say? Are you going to get up and say, "Brothers, I stand for tactical voting." Do you think there's ever been any good system of government, any firm decisions, any reputation for any country, based on "Brothers, I stand for tactical voting?" Not for extended property ownership by more people, not for sound finance, not for sure defence, not for upholding the forces of law and order, not for freedom under a rule of law, not for keeping a bigger proportion of what you gain from your own efforts to do things for your own family, not for having, through growth, more facilities for the social services. Should one sacrifice all that to say, "Britain stands for tactical voting"? What a Britain!

Clearly, you have thoroughly enjoyed your two terms of office, Prime Minister, and been invigorated by the challenges they have brought. Do you feel you would be similarly invigorated by a further full term? Do you have the stamina? We're talking about 1992?

Oh, yes. That's not very far away, you know. I have more stamina now than when I first came into the job eight years ago. Anyway, women have to cope, always do. When everything else fails, women still go on coping.

You'll be happy to do that for another full term?

I shall be delighted. I look forward to it.



I have more stamina
now than when
I first came into the
job eight years ago

the choice of the individual, and I am afraid freedom can be freedom to do good or freedom to do evil. I think some of the great institutions of society are not as strong in condemning it as they were in the past and that, I am afraid, puts more duties on government.

In a small town, people have their own taboos. There are things that they will not accept and which are totally unacceptable, and that itself is a constraint. Come to big cities, and some of those constraints go. Prosperity gives far more temptations towards drugs and so on. I must say the Home Office, the police and the Customs are doing a very good job on drugs, very good indeed, but you have to remember that each person is a person, with the choice as to how he should govern his life.

Northern Ireland must be one of your disappointments?

Northern Ireland is almost a perennial problem. The difficulty is that what you propose suits one part of the population but almost by definition does not suit the other. We had the Anglo-Irish Agreement because we thought it



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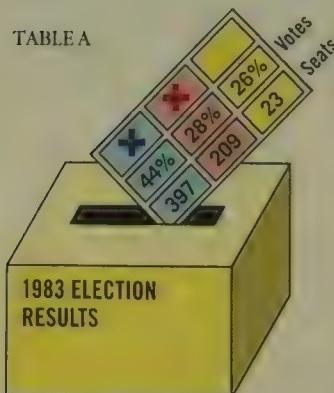
Plus one that won't be found on any other one: the esteemed title of 1987 Car of the Year.



THE BATTLE FOR LONDON'S MARGINALS

The 1987 General Election, now set for June 11, promises to be even more exciting than the 1983. David and Gareth Butler look at the complex picture in Greater London, which, with its 84 MPs bound for Westminster, will undoubtedly play a decisive part in the fight for a majority.

TABLE A



Greater London has a disproportionate influence on any general election both statistically and psychologically. It sends 84 MPs to Westminster. Although that constitutes only an eighth of the 650-member United Kingdom Parliament, at least a sixth of the most marginal seats are in London, and London is the place where, above all, the election is seen to be fought. The party leaders hold their daily press conferences around Westminster and reporters and cameramen, to save travel, are tempted to get their campaign stories from the slums and suburbs of the metropolis.

Moreover, outside London, Labour has only three seats in the south of England and the party is making special efforts to strengthen its position in its only southern heartland. London has been, to a notable degree, the home of leading party figures. Five of Britain's nine post-war Prime Ministers sat for London seats. In the early 1960s Harold Macmillan, MP for Bromley, had the support of Ted Heath, Iain Macleod and Reggie Maudling from other outer suburbs. The post-war Labour government was dominated by three Inner London members: Clem Attlee, Ernest Bevin and Herbert Morrison. And today the Conservative campaign is headed by Margaret Thatcher of Finchley—and Norman Tebbit of Chingford.

Mrs Thatcher's Finchley, with a

majority of 9,314 (24.3 per cent), looks safe by all past standards. But it is the sort of seat that Labour needs to win if it is to secure a working majority in Parliament. A wild hope? Not quite. In the Borough elections of May last year Labour came within 0.9 per cent of topping the Conservative vote in the constituency. And a mere six months ago the nationwide opinion polls put Labour near to 40 per cent, the magic figure that is seen as a sure key to Downing Street.

We should indeed look at the national scene before turning to London. The Conservatives won 397 seats last time. Five have since been snatched away in by-elections but, even so, the party can lose 66 seats and still emerge with a clear majority. A mere 5 per cent fewer votes compared with the post-Falklands triumph of 1983 could drive Mrs Thatcher from Downing Street. However, Labour can deny the Conservatives the 326 seats that give a clear majority without getting anywhere near the 326 mark themselves. The election is bound to yield a free floating force of 40 or so—made up of 17 Northern Ireland MPs, plus a handful of Welsh and Scottish Nationalists, and a minimum Alliance bridgehead of, say, 20 (and the Alliance, of course, thinks it will get far more than that).

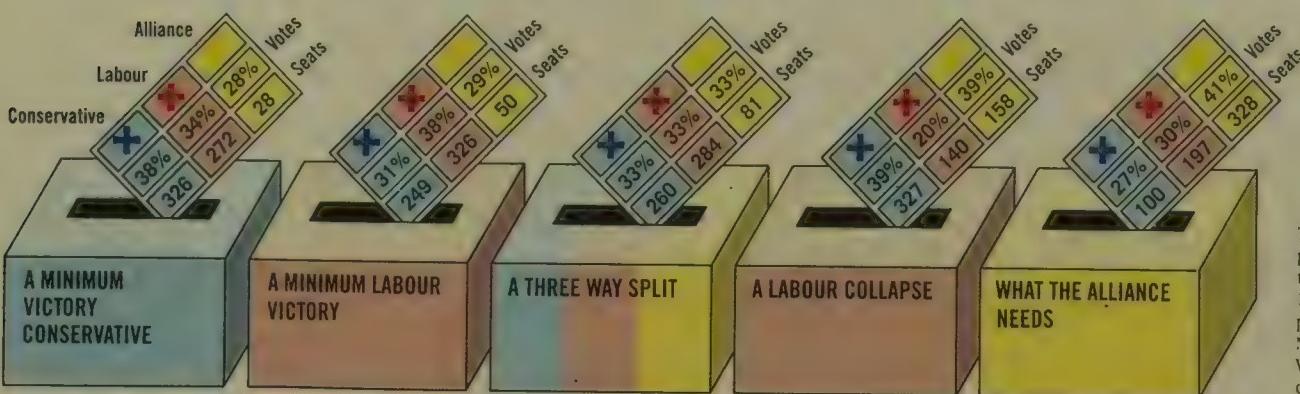
British election results can be unexpected. Few thought that

Labour would win by only a hair's breadth in 1964 or in October, 1974; hardly anyone anticipated the defeat of Harold Wilson in June, 1970 or of Edward Heath in February, 1974. A small change in the national percentages can make a large difference in seats. And nowadays tactical voting can produce sudden Gadarene rushes from one party to another, as Londoners showed so spectacularly in the Bermondsey by-election of 1983, and again in the Greenwich by-election of 1987 when the Alliance snatched Labour seats through last-minute switches by Conservative voters.

The three-party situation of the 1980s that encourages tactical voting also produces some surprising possibilities for the national outcome. Consider five different results, based on uniform swings from the 1983 figures (table A).

Conservative and Labour could just win with 38 per cent of the vote; the Alliance minimum is an improbable 41 per cent. And unlike the 1960s, when a party that was 1 per cent ahead in votes could count on a clear majority, nowadays the growth of third (and fourth and fifth) parties means that a 4 per cent lead is needed to have much hope of getting those 326 seats in the House of Commons.

In the past London voting has been fairly representative of the nation. Each party's share of the total has usually been within 1 or



These five scenarios show possible votes for the three major parties. In 1983, 21 MPs from other parties were elected in Northern Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and this time it could be 24 or 25.

2 per cent of the figure for Great Britain and so has the swing between the two leading parties. In 1983 the figures for London and Great Britain were almost identical as Table B shows.

But London may be different this time. There is considerable contrast between London and the rest of the country in some basic characteristics (Table C).

Within London, of course, there are great differences between affluent Barnet and depressed Newham. But all of London has been exposed to special challenges in the last three years.

London is now one of the few great cities lacking any central authority; its local government is carried on by 32 independent boroughs. The abolition of the GLC, patently designed to spite Ken Livingstone and his flamboyant administration, was unpopular, even among Conservatives. The Conservatives fared badly in the May 1986 borough elections. In votes Labour led by 38 per cent to 36 per cent and there was an 8 per cent swing from the General Election percentages. On these figures the Conservatives would drop from 56 London MPs to 32. Labour would have 40 (a gain of 16) and the Alliance 10 (a gain of 8).

The new Labour rulers in some councils—notably Brent and Ealing—have joined those in Lambeth, Hackney, Islington and Haringey as media targets for their “loony left” policies, with their alleged over-emphasis on the needs of underprivileged groups like gays, blacks and one-parent families. Certainly the Conservatives and the anti-Labour Press have been able to make much of Bernie Grant and his allusion to the young blacks of Broadwater Farm estate “giving the police a bloody good hiding” and of various London councils’ support for the book *Jenny lives with Eric and Martin*. After the Greenwich by-election, Kinnock seemed to reject the more extreme London colleagues. The independent Audit Commission

this year produced a massive indictment of the financial and administrative management of some London councils.

The impact of these specific local issues is hard to gauge. Certainly there is no reason to suppose that the General Election will see a rerun of the 1986 Borough results or, for that matter, an even, London-wide, swing from what happened in 1983. In the south-western suburbs the Conservatives seem exceptionally vulnerable to the Alliance—far more than in similar areas in north and south-east London. The Alliance, on the 1986 council figures, could take Richmond, Twickenham, Kingston, Carshalton and Sutton and Cheam.

The Liberal strategy of targeting seats they believe they can win, and then swamping them with local activists, armed with “Focus” newsletters and a populist image, has paid off handsomely in such areas, whereas in some other seats with a promising Alliance vote in 1983, Hendon South or Harrow West, for example, the party made little progress last year. But the most spectacular reward for Liberal efforts came in Labour territory. Tower Hamlets was captured by the Alliance in 1986 after a systematic attack over a number of years, orchestrated by the new Council leader Eric Flounders (who hopes to become MP for the Bow and Poplar half of the borough). But the SDP half of the Alliance also did well in Islington, where George Cunningham, the former Labour and SDP MP, has a good chance of winning against Chris Smith in Islington South, London’s second most marginal seat in 1983; his prospects may be better than those of John Cartwright of Woolwich and Rosie Barnes of Greenwich in trying to repeat their victories.

Clearly, if Labour is to do well nationally, it must succeed in these seats (and oust London’s one Liberal MP, Simon Hughes, from Southwark and Bermondsey). It must also win back the

nine seats lost to the Conservatives in 1983. On the 1986 figures it could have hoped to do a great deal better than that. In Croydon North-West, Dulwich, Eltham, Hornchurch, Ilford South, Hornsey, Hampstead and Fulham (all gained from Labour by the Conservatives in 1979) Labour outpolled Conservative candidates in May last year, at a time when Labour was still well behind the Conservatives in the national polls and when it was registering a swing of only 5 per cent in local elections elsewhere in the country. Furthermore, the May 1986 returns showed Labour in a challenging second place to the Conservatives in Brentford and Isleworth (-0.7 per cent) and Kensington (-4.7 per cent) and more sensationally in Croydon North-East (the Speaker’s seat, -6.4 per cent), in Acton (Sir George Young, -6.5 per cent) and, above all, in Margaret Thatcher’s Finchley (-0.9 per cent). Finchley is plainly deteriorating territory for the Conservatives. However, no incumbent Prime Minister has ever lost his seat, although Balfour (1906) and MacDonald (1935) were ousted within months of leaving Downing Street; Margaret Thatcher is exceedingly unlikely to set this sort of precedent.

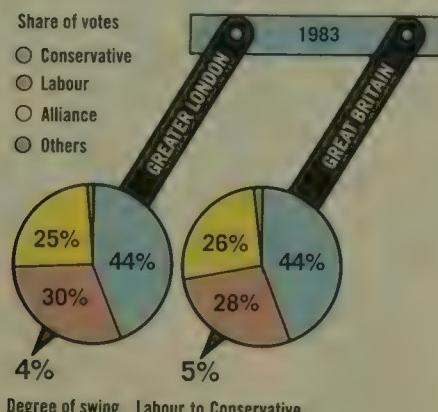
The next General Election will see Labour fielding for the first time a number of well-known black activists as candidates in winnable seats in London. Bernie Grant is standing in Tottenham, Paul Boateng in Brent South, Diane Abbott in Hackney North and Stoke Newington, and Russell Profitt in Lewisham East. All of these four candidates are associated in the public mind with the “hard left” of the Labour Party, although not necessarily correctly; Paul Boateng is an experienced enough politician to have avoided taking controversial stances, and Bernie Grant, apart from a couple of injudicious remarks, appears fairly mainstream in his attitudes. The real point about these candidates is not their politics so much as

their colour. Black candidates of all parties have tended to fare badly in elections. In 1970 a well-respected black doctor, David Pitt, lost Clapham for Labour on a swing 5 per cent greater than in any neighbouring seats; he was a model candidate, but it seems that latent racist attitudes cost him membership of the House. Similarly, in 1983, the Conservatives achieved the biggest swing from Labour in the whole country in Hertfordshire West, where the Labour candidate was Paul Boateng.

It is hard to quantify the effect of a candidate’s race on his or her electoral prospects. It seems unlikely that it will prevent Paul Boateng, Bernie Grant and Diane Abbott from entering Parliament this time. Their seats are in the top 10 in the country as far as black population is concerned and in such places the candidates’ race may attract as many black voters as it loses white ones. However, it is possible that the Conservative MP Colin Moynihan may be saved in highly marginal Lewisham East by Russell Profitt’s candidacy.

London sets its special puzzles to the psephologist. Most experts believe that the coming election will show an unexpected diversity of results all over the country. Londoners, like everyone else, will be pressured by the national campaign to make a broad decision between the Thatcher government and the Kinnock alternative, to vote on the grand issues that affect the whole country. But they will also be influenced, on the one hand by their resentment at the Conservatives ending of the GLC, and on the other by their misgivings at the behaviour and the rate demands of some Labour councils. The Alliance, free from these handicaps, could benefit.

In the end the national swing will probably prevail over local factors. But in at least one third of London’s seats the candidates go into battle with good reason to be uncertain about the outcome. □



← TABLE B
TABLE C →

Table B shows the Labour to Conservative swing in 1983 in Greater London and Great Britain. **Table C** shows the population for the two areas, classified by employment and housing status, by new Commonwealth origin and by car ownership. (Unemployed figure is from *Employment Gazette*, March 1987, and the other figures are from the 1981 census.)

Categories of population	Greater London (%)	Great Britain (%)
Unemployed	10.6	11.5
Non-manual jobs	49.5	41.9
Owner-occupiers	50.8	55.7
Private tenants	14.0	8.6
Council tenants	29.6	31.2
New Commonwealth origin	9.9	2.5
Car Owners	57.7	60.5

GREATER LONDON . . .

London has some of the most marginal seats in the country, which Labour or the Alliance must win

At first glance, the political geography of London contains few surprises. Labour is conspicuously strongest in east and inner London, while the outer suburbs appear to be uniformly Conservative. The central London seats of City of London & Westminster South and Chelsea risk becoming blue islands in a sea of red if Labour wins all its target seats in inner London. The Alliance's strength is concentrated in south-west London, which contains a number of seats targeted by the Liberals. But the Alliance also have a growing presence along the river, with good prospects in Bow and Poplar to the north and holding seats in Bermondsey, Woolwich and Greenwich to the south. The most interesting three-way battles are likely to be in Erith and Crayford in the east, Croydon North-east in the south and Hayes and Harlington in the west.

LABOUR CHALLENGING CONSERVATIVE

Labour
1983

Labour
1983
Council

Edmonton	-2.7	+4.4
Westminster North	-3.8	+10.3
Fulham & Heston	-4.0	+17.8
Lewisham East	-4.5	+4.9
Dulwich	-4.9	+10.3
Lewisham West	-5.6	+2.6
Hornsey & Wood Green	-7.4	+0.4
Hampstead & Highgate	-7.5	+9.3
Hayes & Harlington	-10.4	+18.2
Putney	-10.6	-7.3
Ilford South	-11.1	+1.8
Ealing North	-12.3	+7.6
Mitcham & Morden	-13.9	+8.7
Streatham	-15.0	-9.8
Kensington	-16.5	-4.7
Croydon North West	-18.1	+4.9
Brentford & Isleworth	-18.1	-0.7
Etham	-18.6	+1.4
Erith & Crayford	-9.8	+9.3

CONSERVATIVE CHALLENGING LABOUR

Fulham 1983

+12.2

Fulham 1986 By-election

+9.5

+8.6



THE BATTLEGROUND

if either party is to mount an effective national challenge. This chart identifies the target constituencies.



A great many London seats are "safe": there is no realistic possibility of Labour losing Hackney North or Peckham, or of the Conservatives losing Beckenham or Chelsea. But London has more interesting contests than other parts of the country. Hardly any of the London boroughs are uniformly loyal to one party

or another. Even in deepest Bromley, the Liberals are mounting a serious challenge in Orpington, while Labour has an outside chance of breaking into true-blue Barnet by toppling the Prime Minister in Finchley. London also has many of the most colourful candidates standing at election time, as the illustration makes clear. There will certainly be plenty for Londoners to look out for as the results come in on election night.

ALLIANCE DEFENDING

Con Lab Alli Allo
maj 1985
Council

Southwark & Bermondsey	13.0	34.9	49.9	15.0	+6.2
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Woolwich	25.1	33.4	40.5	7.1	-13.9
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Greenwich 1983	34.8	38.2	25.1	-13.1	-29.3
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Greenwich 1987 By-election	11.2	33.8	53.0	19.2	-29.3
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ALLIANCE CHALLENGING LABOUR

Islington South & Finsbury 26.7 36.3 35.3 -1.0 -29.7

Islington North 25.3 40.5 33.5 -7.0 +2.3

Barking 30.4 42.1 25.6 -16.5 -27.0

Dagenham 31.8 39.3 27.0 -12.3 -36.1

Hackney S & Shoreditch 23.3 43.3 28.0 -15.3 -22.1

Bow & Poplar 16.0 49.6 31.3 -18.3 +0.7

Bethnal Green & Stepney 14.0 51.0 30.4 -20.6 -4.3

ALLIANCE CHALLENGING CONSERVATIVE

Richmond & Barnes 46.5 7.1 46.4 -0.1 +20.4

Twickenham 50.4 7.5 40.8 -9.6 +14.4

Erith & Crayford 37.1 27.3 34.9 -2.2 -22.3

Croydon North West 42.3 24.2 31.9 -10.4 -26.4

Hendon South 48.6 21.1 30.3 -18.3 -16.5

Sutton & Cheam 57.1 7.6 35.2 -21.9 -5.1

Kingston on Thames 54.1 12.2 32.4 -21.7 +4.4

Surbiton 54.5 25.8 28.4 -26.1 -10.2

Carshalton 51.3 17.5 29.6 -21.7 +0.7

Safe Conservative seats

Safe Labour seats

Safe Alliance seats

Seats targeted as hopeful prospects by other parties, shown by a border in the challenging party's colours

1987 Museum of the Year

Six museums have been short-listed for the 1987 Museum of the Year Award. They are:

Calderdale Industrial Museum, Halifax

Duxford Airfield, Cambridgeshire

Manchester Museum

South Molton Museum

Wigan Pier

Worthing Museum and Art Gallery

The main award, sponsored by *The Illustrated London News*, comprises a cheque for £2,000 and a porcelain sculpture by Henry Moore, *Moonhead*, which will be held by the winning museum for a year. There will also be awards for the best museum of industrial and social history (sponsored by Unilever), the best museum in the field of fine or applied arts (Sotheby's), the best archaeological museum (BBC Archaeology Unit), the best museum publications (Watmoughs), an award for outstanding achievements on very limited resources (Museum Casts), and a special judges' award (Book Club Associates). The awards will be presented at a lunch in the Vintners' Hall in London on June 24.



THE MANCHESTER MUSEUM

Among the new galleries opened last year is this devoted to one of the finest Egyptian collections in Britain, housing objects from the town sites of Kahun and Gurop.



SOUTH MOLTON MUSEUM

Newsham's fire engine, bought in 1736, and the cart for carrying the hoses takes pride of place at South Molton museum, redesigned last year to illustrate life in this part of north Devon.



CALDERDALE INDUSTRIAL MUSEUM

Housed in a former mill and opened in 1985, this museum reflects 150 years of working life in Calderdale, from textiles to toffee making, from mining to moquette.



WIGAN PIER

Opened by the Queen in 1986, Wigan Pier re-creates the world of 1900 in a complex of restored Georgian and Victorian warehouses and mill buildings along the Leeds to Liverpool canal.



WORTHING MUSEUM

A new archaeological gallery was opened in this museum, left, in 1985. It tells the story of early man, from Stone Age to medieval times, in the local area.

DUXFORD AIRFIELD

The new Superhangar at the Imperial War Museum's outstation in Cambridgeshire was opened in 1986. Its collection is displayed in the setting of a Battle of Britain airfield.



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WILLIAM GRANT'S • THE STUFF THAT DRAMS ARE MADE OF

1887 Our photograph recalls the momentous September day, a century ago, when the fearless Angus Urquhart set out to tread a path beyond dreams.

Encased in the rich and watertight mahogany of his ardently perfected Underwater Walking Suit, he was to stroll across the very floor of Loch Awe.

Meanwhile, across the Highlands, our ancestor was also striding out upon a dream. William Grant of Glenfiddich was building a distillery with his bare hands.



There, he would practise his masterly skills in the making of fine whisky.

True to the stuff that dreams are made of, the first drop came forth from his stills on the Christmas Day of 1887.

And true to the stuff that drams are made of, William Grant & Sons have now been fiercely independent family distillers for five generations.

As for Angus Urquhart, he sank without trace.

But since this is also the centenary year of his endeavour, it would be churlish not to raise a glass of our ancestor's whisky to his memory.

Mixed with, perhaps, a drop of his beloved Highland water. **1987**

ENGLISH CITIES

Norman St John-Stevas's OXFORD

Photographs by Christopher Cormack

Some cities pull at the heart strings, like lovers they inspire rapture but they also make demands. Oxford is like that. Once she has cast her spell she never lifts the enchantment and one is permanently enslaved, condemned always to return with longing in a vain attempt to sound her depths. Not that Oxford is the most beautiful of cities, Paris can lay a courtesan's claim to that; nor the most romantic, Venice carries off that palm; nor the most historic, Rome must surely win; nor the most nostalgic, Vienna has the crown; and certainly not the most stimulating, New York wins hands down; but Oxford is a city with a soul, and one that was formed by medieval man. Among soul cities it is and will always be pre-eminent.

Bellac dismissed Oxford cavalierly as that "plague-infested spot" which people call "medieval though it's not". Not for the first time Bellac was wrong and the roots of the city go deep into the 14th century, when the friars, Franciscan, Dominican, Trinitarian and goodness knows what else, descended on Oxford and set up their boarding houses for seminarians, so unwittingly but providentially, planting the seed which was to flower later into the collegiate system, which along with that of Cambridge has become one of the wonders of the world.

If you want to draw in the true medieval breath of Oxford, go to one of its deserted places, the cloisters of New College, and there at the heart of the university and city you will find one of the last enchantments of the Middle Ages, with its sentinel tower, its ancient wooden roof, its green lawn and its splendid ilex tree. New College itself—whose name is about as appropriate as Venice's Fondamenta Nuove of the 16th century—was founded in 1379 by William of

Wykeham who thus achieved a double first, having also founded Winchester College three years earlier. History affords only one parallel to such scholastic munificence, that of Henry VI, who gave us both Eton and King's at Cambridge. As you enter the college Our Lady looks down in blessing and if you then turn round, you will find that she is at it again. The warden's rooms were originally over the gateway so that he could peer through his squint and see what his young charges were up to.

on the steps of the high altar. As you walk down the aisle the features of the statue gradually come into focus and you see the struggle to remain in the peace and beauty of the next world while being unwillingly tugged back into the turmoil and horrors of the present one. *Lazarus* looks wholly at home in his 14th-century surroundings, which is more than can be said of Sir Joshua Reynolds's great west window, which was executed by Thomas Jarvis in 1778 and which has been a source of controversy

ever since. Reynolds had the good taste to dislike it intensely and he was right. The original window was dismantled and reassembled in York Minster.

To go from New College to Christ Church is to enter another world, to leave behind the splendours of medieval Christendom and to enter into the full glories of the English Renaissance. Christ Church, or Cardinal's College, as it was originally called, is the grandest college in Oxford, although it does not even lay claim to the collegiate title. To its members and, indeed, outsiders it is always "The House"—*Aedes Christi*—although whether members of the Bullingdon could give you an accurate translation is an open question. Unlike the holy house of Loretto, which flew across the Mediterranean from Bethlehem to land on Italy's eastern seaboard, this house, held down by its magnificent accretion of different architectural styles over the centuries, does not seem in the least airborne.

Cardinal Wolsey, who founded the college, may not have been a great saint but he was certainly a great prelate, and his foundation was intended to reflect the fact. To provide the cash various small foundations were swept away, including priories like that of neighbouring Daventry. The monks there may have been tipped off about their fate, since the Cardinal's representatives on arrival found it as bereft of denizens as the *Marie Celeste*, and it remains a mystery equally unexplained. But the disappearing monks had the last laugh as Wolsey fell before his college's completion and his great projected arcaded cloister was never realized. You can see its unfinished columns and arches edging Tom Quad to this day. The great bell still tolls 101 times every night to call its original complement of students home.

I have one recollection ➤



The college's medieval glass is splendid indeed, nearly all of it in the ante-chapel, but it was fragmented in high Protestant days and reset in the 19th century. This has led to a curious *mélange* at times. In one panel, for instance, you can see the brown wooden base of the cross, but while Mary and St John are in their proper places, no hanging figure looms between them. The fellows of the college saved their plate and most of their glass from the reformers but the figure of Our Lord was evidently too much for the iconoclasts to take.

You can also find in the chapel a very 20th-century piece of sculpture, Epstein's *Lazarus*. The best vantage point for viewing is

'If you want to draw in the true medieval breath of Oxford, go to the cloisters of New College.' Right, 'St John's College is a place of contemplation and quiet.'





→ of the House etched on my memory—the funeral of Dr Kirk, then Bishop of Oxford. The clergy of the diocese in their cassocks and white surplices were ranged round the walls of the quadrangle and as the bishop's coffin was carried past them, covered in his purple pall, they fell to their knees in a final gesture of affection and tribute. For Christ Church may not be a college but it is a cathedral and the center of the Oxford diocese. Where else could you open a tiny closed door and find yourself in the spaciousness of a huge basilica?

Christ Church, if not full of grace, is at least filled with grandeur. Among them is the spectacular Gothic hall staircase which in fact is a swallows' nest of the 18th-century Gothic revival built in 1640. The hall itself has a magnificent hammer-beam roof and is lined with portraits of the great and the good. Prime Ministers and Chancellors jostle each other for a viewing. And amid these worldly eminences one finds the unlikely face of a saint, John Wesley. Then there is the vast library, the classic proportions of Peckwater and Canterbury quadrangles, and the back door which could easily be mistaken for the front. There is, however, one eyesore—which I was fortunate to live in for a year and therefore did not have to look at—Meadow Buildings. It was of this monstrosity that Ruskin pontificated that tastes might change but no one would be able to call it anything but beautiful.

One other advantage of living in Meadow Buildings is that they afford a glorious view of the fields from which they take their name. The meadows are perhaps the brightest jewel in the Oxford crown, a true *rus in urbe*. Only an English council or planning authority could have suggested building a motorway through this unspoilt park, but not even this nation is philistine enough to



New College chapel:
"The medieval
glass is splendid,
nearly all
in the ante-chapel."
Top, "Epstein's
Lazarus looks wholly
at home in
his 14th-century
surroundings."

stand for that, and the plan was jettisoned.

So the meadows provide today as they have done for centuries a delicious sylvan scene. There are even cows which graze and moo. Beyond the meadows lies the Cherwell, at one time edged with painted and highly sculptured barges, brightly decorated with flags and bunting on the highdays of Eight Week. On their hospital decks hearties and aries could meet on equal and ecumenical terms. Alas, the vandals have had their way and the barges have gone, to be replaced by brick boathouses which would fit neatly into the borders of the Great West Road. Yet they live for ever in the memories of

their devotees and are preserved for posterity in the corrosive pages of the incomparable Max's *Zuleika Dobson*.

A city's soul may be reflected in its buildings and artifacts but its true and abiding residence is in people. There is one person in particular who embodies Oxford for me and that is John Henry Newman. His life was stamped by what Matthew Arnold selected as the stigma of Oxford, a devotion to lost causes and impossible loyalties. Newman in his day held the entire university in thrall. As he made his way to St Mary the Virgin to exercise his pastoral tasks he was pointed out reverentially in the streets. "Who could resist," wrote Matthew



Arnold, recalling the Oxford of his youth, "the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St Mary's, rising into the pulpit, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music—subtle, sweet, mournful."

Oxford has been the home not only of lost causes but of great religious manifestations. The Oxford Movement is one of these. Methodism was an unlikely entry. So was Frank Buchman's Oxford Group, nowadays rechristened Moral ReArmament. Despite these aberrations the norm of Oxford life remains fervently Catholic in the religious sphere, and Conservative →

Hertford College's
"Bridge of Sighs"
across New
College Lane. Left,
Clarendon
Building and
Wren's
S Sheldonian
Theatre,
"barking back to
a Roman
amphitheatre".



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»» in the political one. It contrasts with Cambridge which has always been Protestant and Progressive. Queen Mary had to flee from Cambridge. King Charles I moved to Oxford when he was unable to enter his republican capital. The King set up his court in Christ Church while the queen, Henrietta Maria, and her ladies-in-waiting took up residence in next-door Merton. A secret way connected the two colleges and enabled the exiled consorts, who delighted in each other's company, to keep their trysts. As one walks beneath the lime trees of Merton in its walled garden one is able to evoke these lovers of three centuries ago.

Certainly the gardens of Oxford are among its greatest joys. Two of its finest, Trinity's and St John's, have long shared a party wall. It was built at the cost of the two founders in the 16th century. Trinity's garden is graced by a fine bust of Cardinal Newman and by wrought-iron gates which are majestically beautiful and which, it is said, will be opened only when the Stuarts are restored. Alas for this charming legend, the truth is very much more prosaic. The "gates" are a grille and would not open even if the Plantagenets returned. It was for its snapdragons that Newman, who was an undergraduate at Trinity, loved the garden. "There used," he wrote, "to be much snapdragon growing on the walls opposite my freshman's rooms there, and I had for years taken it as the emblem of my own perpetual residence, even unto death, in my University." Newman died not in Oxford but in Birmingham, yet he had been elected an honorary fellow of Trinity so that he remained at least a titular presence there.

St John's is noted for its magnificent lawn and vividly coloured borders. It is a place of contemplation and quiet: "God's everlasting blessing be upon this place and this society for »»



"Certainly the gardens of Oxford are among its greatest joys... St John's [above] is noted for its magnificent lawn and vividly coloured borders."



Punting on the River Cherwell, "at one time edged with painted and highly sculpted barges".



Above, aspects of Worcester College.

"Its lake is now bordered by one of Oxford's best contemporary buildings, by the distinguished architect Richard MacCormack."

Right, undergraduates celebrating the end of examinations.



» ever" had been Archbishop Laud's prayer for the college of which he was president. After his execution his last wishes were respected and his body brought at night to be buried in the chapel. Wadham's lawns are also spacious and Magdalen's gardens are notable for shady walks and surprising wildernesses. Yet it is Worcester garden that remains my favourite. Its lake is now bordered by one of Oxford's best contemporary buildings, by the distinguished architect Richard MacCormack, but I remember it best for a splendid performance of Shakespeare's *The Tempest* many years ago. As the action of the play moved stately forward, so the evening shadows deepened over lake and lawns, until the drama was concluded with the magical sight of Ariel running across the lake in a cloud of luminous spray.

So my vision of Oxford remains a thing of beauty—a city of romance and tantalizing promise never to be fulfilled: a city for friendship and learning and parties, all mixed up with a good measure of worldliness. Oxford always has one eye fixed on the cloister and the other on the capital. It is a city that has grown, not been cast, with every generation contributing to its richness and beauty. Earlier this year on a bitterly cold and frosty night I processed across the quadrangles of All Souls and the Schools to the Sheldonian Theatre to give the Romanes lecture. What a delightfully preposterous building it is, harking back to a Roman amphitheatre, but with richly carved interior wooden walls. The Vice Chancellor sat perched on a high and precarious-looking throne, but as the lectern was in front of him I could see him only with my mental eye. My physical ones fell from time to time on something even more startling, the blue-painted ceiling with the cherubs pulling back the clouds to let in a flood of light ○

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What do the following

have in common:

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Watteau, Claude,

Poussin, del Sarto,

Stubbs, Gainsborough,

Constable, Reni,

Fragonard, van Dyck?

This is not a trivial

pursuit—far from it.

The answer is
that, in the past five
years, missing works

by these masters
have been discovered

and brought
fortunes to the lucky
men and women
who have unearthed
them. Art sleuth

Peter Watson suggests
ways of tracking
down other lost
works of art.

MISSING MASTERPIECES



MISSING MASTERPIECES

Discovering a lost painting is not entirely luck, of course. Most of the people who find missing masterpieces are dealers who have spent a lifetime studying one particular branch of art, so that they have a good idea of what is missing and their eye is trained to spot jewels among the sales of cut glass. But there are many works which are missing, far more than most people realize. Hugh Leggatt, head of art dealers Leggatt Brothers in Duke Street, St James's, reckons that the chances of finding a missing masterpiece are much better than winning the pools. And trying to, of course, is far more fun.

For an idea of just how much is missing, consult the *catalogue raisonné* of any major painter. These catalogues are the official lists of the masters' works. Every painting, and sometimes every drawing, which an artist executed is given in these catalogues, together with an illustration, measurements, provenance and current whereabouts. At the back is a section on lost works which contains a list of pictures, usually given a number with the prefix "L", for Lost.

These lists can be surprisingly long. The Titian *catalogue raisonné*, for example, lists 62 paintings whose whereabouts are no longer known. Velazquez has 67, Kandinsky 103, Frans Hals has 20 and Mantegna 35. Veronese, a favourite of mine, has 82. Some of these are gone for ever. Several of the lost Titians, for instance, were consumed in a huge fire that destroyed the king's palace in Madrid.

But many are still out there, as the constant news of discoveries shows. There are three steps you can take to help find lost works. The first is to study the history of art concentrating on those periods of turmoil when major works were likely to go missing. The first of these was the Thirty Years' War, which lasted from 1618 to 1648, when there was enormous plunder of the arts throughout central Europe, in Munich, in Poland and in Bohemia.

The Swedes were particularly bad offenders. When the Bohemian capital of Prague was sacked and the booty taken down the Elbe to Sweden, more than 100 paintings went missing on the way. They are probably hanging on the walls of some northern European home, their true worth unrecognized.

The second period when paintings went missing occurred during the Napoleonic wars. Napoleon's troops had the pick of Europe, and a great many

paintings ended up in the Louvre at that time. Some were returned to their owners after the great man's fall, but many went missing and are probably now in France, again unrecognized for what they are. German, Spanish and Italian works of art are particularly vulnerable to Napoleonic plunder.

The third period of plunder was that of Hitler and Nazi Germany. In 1973 the Italian and West German governments agreed a list of no fewer than 283 art works that were still missing. This list, known as the *Sachliste*, includes works by Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian, Veronese, Correggio, Mantegna, Donatello and Canaletto. Some of these are no doubt secreted away in South America, still perhaps in the possession of surviving Nazis.

Stolen art is a whole field itself, of course. Approximately 40,000 items are stolen every year from the churches and excavation sites of Italy alone. In recent months there has been the theft of half a dozen Impressionist paintings in Paris, of tribal sculp-

‘The chances
of finding a missing
masterpiece are
much better than winning
the pools. And trying
is far more fun.’

tures in Nigeria, Oceanic art in Nottingham, a Renoir from Bond Street. So bad has this trade become that Scotland Yard has reconstituted its Fine Art fraud squad.

Away from these three areas of turmoil an understanding of the movements of art is also helpful for those who want to be alert as to where missing masterpieces might turn up. For example, Hugh Leggatt believes there may be more than one missing Vermeer in East Anglia. In the 17th century, the great era of Dutch painting, there was an enormous amount of trade between Holland and East Anglia. Dutch pictures turn up in East Anglia all the time, so it is by no means implausible that a masterpiece by Vermeer should be hidden away in a rectory or manse on the fens.

The second useful technique in the search for missing masterpieces is to familiarize yourself with what some of them actually look like. It may sound contradictory: if something went missing before the age of photography how can we know what it looks like? There are two answers to that: through copies and engraving.

Throughout history, Old Masters have been copied, even by quite famous painters such as Rubens, Jordaens and Teniers. In some cases the originals have subsequently been lost but the copies have survived. This is true, for instance, of Titian's *Mars, Venus and Amor*, one of the paintings which disappeared in the 17th century. It shows a naked Venus being embraced by Mars dressed in a red tunic, his helmet and weapons laid aside, with a cupid hovering above and getting ready to fire another shaft. We know this from the copy in the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna, which is itself based on a sketch made by Sir Anthony van Dyck, who saw and copied the picture when he was on a visit to the Grimaldi family around 1625. If that picture were to turn up today, it would be worth at least £6 million.

The same is true of Caravaggio's *Crowning with Thorns*, a copy of which, as it happens, hangs virtually alongside the Titian copy in the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna. In *Lives of the Painters, Sculptors and Architects*, a book published in Rome in 1672, Pietro Bellori records that the Marchese Vincenzo Giustiniani had ordered from Caravaggio a depiction of Christ being crowned with thorns. In 1807 the Giustiniani collection was removed to Paris and broken up—and the *Crowning* disappeared somewhere along the way. No one knows who painted the copy which is today in Vienna.

The Caravaggio example highlights the third technique that can help find missing masterpieces. These are the contemporary records of commissions to artists, often contained in biographies of past centuries. These tell dealers and scholars which families were the great patrons of art. If a family fell on hard times, as did some of the great Roman dynasties towards the end of the 17th century, collections were often broken up, and pictures disappeared in the process.

The 12 greatest missing masterpieces are listed right and overleaf, but one can always follow the canny businessman's credo and "do the opposite of what everyone else is doing". Because it is the Rembrandts and the Rubens, the Titians and the Tintoretos which catch the headlines when they are enticed out of the woodwork, it does not follow that the most excitement, and the most money, is to be made out of first-division names.

There are fashions in art as in most things, and types of ➤

What, specifically, is missing today? What is there which, if it could only be identified, would bring its owners millions of pounds at the auction rooms? Here are what might be called the 12 greatest missing masterpieces which the museum directors, dealers and saleroom experts have their eyes on.

1 JAN VAN EYCK:

FEMALE NUDE, pages 40-41; on the wall, behind the statue with the arm raised

It may be a portrait of the artist's wife. Though this painting dates from the 15th century, it is known only from a much later 17th-century painting, by Willem van Haecht, who portrayed the art chamber of Cornelius van der Geest. In the van Haecht picture more than 30 of van der Geest's masterpieces are shown, including this one. The nude inspired a similar one by Memling but the van Eyck has not been seen since the 1620s.

2 CEZANNE:

LANDSCHAFT VON AUVERS SUR OISE, above right

This is another beautiful work which the Nazis appropriated during the war and never returned. Like many other painters, once he had found a landscape which appealed to him Cézanne would paint and repaint it. This picture was one of these. It shows a group of stone cottages, with black or red roofs, cypress trees and green fields stretching away under a pale green sky. We know this because of a near-identical version in the Chicago Art Institute.

3 WASSILY KANDINSKY:

ALTE STADT II, right

This is one of no fewer than 103 Kandinsky's which are missing. *Alte Stadt II* is known through a similar, earlier version now in the Centre Pompidou in Paris. It shows a woman in a long dress walking down a path away from the town, amid bright sunshine and strong shadows. The paint is piled thickly on the canvas to give a rich, unmistakable Kandinsky effect.



4 FRANS HALS:**RENE DESCARTES, right**

A book published in 1691 records that A. Bloemart, friend to the great French philosopher, had commissioned a likeness of Descartes from Frans Hals. The painting was probably executed in 1628 when Descartes was visiting Holland. In 1650 another Netherlands artist, Jonas Suyderhoef, made an engraving based on Hals's picture—it was inscribed "F. Hals inxit, S.S. sculpsit". The engraving survives but there is no trace of the original. That, too, could be in East Anglia if Hugh Leggatt is right.

5 GIORGIONE:**DISCOVERY OF PARIS**

Eric Turquin, head of Old Masters at Sotheby's, keeps an eye open for this. A fragment exists in Budapest, but the rest of the work is known from a 17th-century engraving by van Kessel.

6 FOUR GOYAS ONCE OWNED BY THE DUKE OF AVEYRO

Each one shows a scene from the Old Testament. Last heard of in the 18th-century, they are known through engravings.

BRITISH MUSEUM

**7 MANTEGNA:****CHRIST IN LIMBO**

The same painter's *Adoration of the Magi* went for more than £8 million a couple of years ago. Before Mantegna died, in Mantua, 12 of his works were hanging on his walls and are mentioned in contemporary diaries and letters. *Christ in Limbo* is one which would be easily identifiable.

8 RAPHAEL:**MADONNA OF THE VEIL, above**

This is a drawing in black pencil and chalk on yellow paper and was taken from the Uffizi in Florence by the Nazis during their retreat north in 1944. Anyone sharp enough to recover this could not keep it, though the museum might offer a reward to anyone who found it.

11 RUBENS:**JUDITH AND HOLOFERNES, right**

This is the Old Master which Gregory Martin of Christie's most covets. Rubens painted it in Italy in 1608 and took it back to his native Antwerp himself. That is where it disappeared. There is an engraving which shows it to be a very dramatic, indeed horrifying, picture, with blood spurting from Holofernes's neck. It would by no means be a universal favourite even if it were found. There was a rumour that it was in the south of France but so far nothing has emerged.

12 MICHELANGELO:**HERCULES**

Contemporary records show that Francis I of France commissioned a statue of Hercules from Michelangelo and that it was completed and shipped to France. There is a drawing by Primaticcio of a fountain at Fontainebleau which shows a Hercules in place. That fountain was later dismantled and there has been no trace of the statue since 1714. This is the work of art which the Director of the National Galleries of Scotland, would most like to recover.

Supply Office, an agency which handled government buildings and their decoration. However, when the compilers of the 1979 Jackson Pollock catalogue raisonné looked for the paintings, all they found was a photograph. No one knows, or is saying, what happened to them.

9 JACKSON POLLOCK:**UNTITLED WORK**

Just before the Second World War, Pollock painted a number of small pictures—oils on cardboard—as part of a project for Brooklyn Library in New York. In the early 1960s the library returned them to the Federal

10 VELAZQUEZ:
QUEEN ISABEL, right

The master painted a full-length portrait of the queen in 1631-32 but as part of the preparations he also painted a bust-length study. This work is known from a copy that belonged to King Louis-Philippe's estate and was sold at Christie's in 1853. The full-length picture of Isabel remains in Spain but it is known that a companion picture, of Philip IV, was taken from the royal palace by Joseph Bonaparte and then passed on, via a number of owners, until it ended up in the National Gallery in London.

It is thought that the study of Isabel was taken with the Philip IV portrait and disappeared along the way, either in France or in England. Velazquez's portrait of Juan de Pereja, sold for just over £2 million to New York's Metropolitan Museum in 1970, would be worth £14 million at 1987 prices, so his Isabel portrait is a missing work well worth finding.



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If all 12 of these works were to turn up, they would fetch, at current rates, at least £87 million by my estimate—and that is conservative.



paintings are no different. Several schools have been unpopular for a long time, and as a result the masters of these schools have not been the object of so much academic sleuthing as Titian or Poussin or Rembrandt. This is most true of the Bolognese school, and this is why, over the last few months, there have been more discoveries in this field than in any other. Two pictures by Guido Reni have turned

up, and two by Annibale Carracci.

The first Reni was discovered by Sotheby's man in Scotland where, significantly, it belonged to the descendants of one of the great Glaswegian shipping barons. In the past they were overshadowed by their English counterparts and it is only now, when so many English country houses have been denuded of their treasures, that the Scottish

ones are yielding up theirs.

The other Reni, *The Martyrdom of St Apollonia*, belonged to the extraordinary Barberini family who created Baroque art virtually singlehandedly in Rome in the 17th century, when Maffeo Barberini reigned as Pope Urban VIII (he was the great patron of the sculptor Bernini). It then passed into the fabled Orléans collection, but came to Britain as a result of the revolution. It dis-

appeared in 1900 and had not been heard of until it was discovered in Bern, Switzerland.

The discovery of the two Carraccis is perhaps an even more extraordinary story, for they were both made by Derek Johns of the London dealers, Harari & Johns. He used to run the Old Masters department of Sotheby's, but he now acts for himself. Two years ago a picture of a young boy drinking from a glass came up for auction at Lawrence's in Crewkerne. It sold for £197, and was bought by a Midlands dealer. He sent it to Bonhams in London where Derek Johns saw it, thought he recognized it, and bought it for a few thousand pounds.

He then checked it with the research books and found that there was an identical picture in an Oxford college, attributed to Annibale Carracci, the most gifted of the three Carracci brothers. Having cleaned his picture, Johns compared it with the Oxford one—and found that his version was the better of the two. Since then he has convinced the rest of the art world that he is right. His Carracci is the real one and the Oxford one a later copy. He subsequently sold the picture to an American collector for not far short of \$500,000.

Johns repeated the *coup* earlier this year, spotting yet another Carracci, buying it in the low thousands, cleaning it, convincing other scholars that he was right, and selling it for a tidy profit. As one of the staff at Sotheby's said: "Every time Derek buys something, I think 'Oh, God! Have we missed something else?'"

There are other schools of painting worth trying. Among Old Masters the greatest *coups* are to be made in Genoese and 17th-century Florentine painting, and in Brescian and Spanish works. With prices as they are these days, you do not have to discover a Cézanne or a Raphael to put yourself in the seven-figure bracket, and there are literally 100 artists worth six figures.

Britain remains the country where missing masterpieces are most likely to turn up. It still has the greatest number of private collections where, thanks to the changing fortunes of old families, the records—or memories—of who painted what picture fade.

The only problem with discovering lost pictures is that, with prices so high these days, very often, once a picture has been identified as a masterpiece, it is sold abroad and lost for ever ○



This picture of a young boy drinking was one of two Carraccis discovered by art dealer Derek Johns and subsequently found to be originals.



Valued today at £6 million, Titian's *Mars, Venus and Amor*, above, disappeared in the 17th century; the original of Canaletto's *Venice; the entrance to the Grand Canal looking towards the Bacino* was discovered in Scotland and auctioned last year for £480,000.

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A USER'S GUIDE TO LONDON RACECOURSES

After going through troubled times, the racing industry is attracting a new type of punter. Simon Horsford reports on the state of the turf and profiles five tracks near the capital.



Horse racing in Britain is notable for its variety, with 59 courses offering as diverse a range of National Hunt and flat meetings as can be found anywhere. The racing industry is, however, in danger of losing this asset. During the past 50 years, racecourse attendance has declined from more than five and a half million to under four million. Many courses could close as rising costs force their owners to turn valuable land to more lucrative uses—barely at break-even.

For much of the last century there were a good 15 courses

around London. Then in 1876 a Jockey Club ruling forced the closure of those at Streatham, Bromley, Finchley, Harringay, Kingsbury, West Drayton, Craydon and Hampton because they were attracting hooliganism and the ruffianism of London.

Purely commercial reasons lay behind the demise of Hurst Park—which is now a housing estate—in 1962, and of Alexandra Palace in 1970. There are now just five courses within easy striking distance of the capital: Ascot, Epsom, Kempton Park, Sandown Park and Windsor.

The decline has been partly due to the diversification of interests among sports fans; the big four of football, rugby, cricket and racing now have to compete with such attractions as darts, snooker, skiing and American football. The industry has also itself to blame. For far too long it has rested on its laurels and failed to adapt to change. Only a pitiful amount of money generated by racing goes where it is most needed—to the racecourses.

Despite its image of being traditional and the sport of

kings, racing needs to sell itself more aggressively if it is to compete against new sports. As Graham Rock, editor of the *Racing Post*, says, 'Racing has never been very good at marketing itself, although people are beginning to realize that it is in the vanguard of the leisure industry—it must be competitive.' Racecourses need to look at themselves as areas of entertainment and provide activities besides racing.

In America, for instance, \$7 will allow you to enjoy racing in comfort. In Britain visitors to race-

courses pay 5s per cent in 1986 to £3.988.401 in major meetings, such as Diamond Day at Ascot and the Whitbread at Sandown, attracted their best attendance for 10 years. Yet as Brough Scott, *The Sunday Times* racing correspondent and presenter of Channel 4 racing, points out, 'The Association has no executive power—ultimately, for all the 59 courses is all very well, but what is needed is a centralized body. The charming independence just does not work.' Scott feels that the survival of all 59 courses depends on marketing and —

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→ that much can be learnt from the Americans.

Races receive a contribution from the Levy Board, which controls racing's finances, but this has to cover a variety of costs, such as ensuring racing on uneconomic days, loans for building, securities research, veterinary research and so on. The money comes from a levy taken from all horse racing and stakes from year to year according to turnover. In 1985 off-course turnover (which amounts to more than 90 per cent of all betting) was £3,432 million, of which less than 1 per cent went back into the industry. The Government takes 8 per cent duty, none of which goes back into racing. Since most bookmakers charge the punter 10 per cent, that left nearly £47 million to cover their costs once the levy of just under £22 million had been deducted. The situation is unlikely to change, given that a

Royal Commission on Gambling headed by Lord Rothschild said in its report in July, 1978 that "bookmakers should not be expected to contribute to the running of racetraces".

"Britain is the only place in the world where outside bookmakers are the strongest force in the land—the tail wags the dog," Brough Scott comments. Most countries operate a pool system of betting through the Totalisator on the racetrace; so in France 6 per cent of the money placed on a horse goes back into racing, in America between 5 and 7 per cent and in Japan 15 per cent.

Tim Neligan, racing director of United Racetraces (who run Epsom, Kempton Park and Sandown Park), agrees that courses are getting a bad deal. "The Levy Board money is not a subsidy but a pretty poor replacement for what other courses around the world live off," he says. He is impressed by

the approach in New Zealand, where the authorities distribute levy money to most tracks but the smallest courses are funded by their local community and get nothing from the board.

So British racetraces have to rely on sponsorship and entrance money, though a factor which could induce some punters back to the racetrace is the abolition in the last Budget of the on-course betting tax of 4 per cent. The move followed pressure by the All-Party Racing Committee to the Treasury and has been welcomed by all sides of the racing industry. As Sir Ian Trethewian, Chairman of the Levy Board, stated, "It will be a great uplift—and will encourage the betting shop punter to come racing". It is likely, though, to mean more to the serious gambler than to the casual racegoer. Nevertheless going to the races is expensive and the typical racegoer is nowadays

likely to be more affluent and younger than formerly.

Tim Neligan is part of the growing racing-as-entertainment lobby, conscious of the recent decline and responding to it by improving facilities in the middle range of the market. Graham Rock and Brough Scott also see the need to attract a wider audience. The *Racing Post*, of which Scott is a director, may help. Started in April, 1980 as a rival to *The Sporting Life*, it has attracted new readers and its bright and modern image should induce them to go racing.

Corporate entertaining and private boxes are enabling racetraces to generate extra money. At Sandown Park viewing boxes can be used on non-race days by companies for conferences, and parts of the grandstand for exhibitions. Facilities can thus be used for 220 rather than 20 days of the year. Smaller courses are to be advised by a team of six



company, the Tote 5 per cent, the Racetrace Association 10 per cent and the remaining 40 per cent is to be split between outside shareholders on a 5 per cent basis. Bruce Matthews, the former managing director of News International, is the independent chairman and the Racetrace Association has the power of veto.

Racetraces are expected to benefit up to £10 million in the next three years, and possibly by £25 million in nine years. The money will be split between 50 courses, depending on how many racing days are covered. Each course is guaranteed one day and will also have SIS facilities at the course so racegoers can watch other meetings. Nigel Payne, spokesman for SIS, hopes that 3,500 shops will be geared up to receive pictures by the end of the year and that 8,000 including those in London, will be transmitting by the end of 1984.

If the medium is used properly, racetraces could also benefit by attracting more sponsorship thanks to televised coverage. Equally, as Graham Rock says, "the Racetrace Association should also use it to market the game. Advertising by individual racetraces could have the effect of tempting more people to go racing"—providing bookmakers allow advertising on their screens, and the Racetrace Association must ensure that they do.

Sunday racing is likely to be a

trickier but not an insurmountable problem. Britain is the only country in the world, apart from New Zealand, which does not allow Sunday racing. As Lord Fairhaven, the Senior Steward of the Jockey Club, has said, "it is absurd that in an increasingly competitive environment, racing should continue to be deprived of the opportunity of holding meetings on a day of prime leisure time." General Sir Cecil Blacker, chairman of the working party which has studied the subject for two years, has said that unless the necessary legislation has gone through Parliament, Sunday racing would initially take place six times a year, rising to 12 when established.

It could, however, be between three and five years before Sunday racing is accepted since two laws need amending and the defeat of the Shops Bill last year has made the task of the lobbying committee even harder. The two laws are the 1963 Betting, Gaming and Lotteries Act and the 1780 Sunday Observance Act, which make it illegal to have a cash bet or to pay for entertainment on a Sunday. While the latter is flouted constantly by many other sports, the former is more difficult to overcome—racing and betting are inexorably linked, and one without the other is impossible. It has been suggested that on-course betting only should be allowed. The Government and the Home Secretary, Douglas Hurd, are sympathetic to the idea of Sunday racing but would not back this move because it would encourage illegal betting.

Graham Rock feels Britain should try the Irish way. Sunday racing is firmly established at Phoenix Park in Dublin, attracting crowds of more than 12,000. Jonathan Irwin, head of Phoenix Park, sees Sunday racing as a family attraction with plenty of non-racing activities such as reggae music, jazz bands, clowns, mime artists and a sophisticated playground for children. Neligan agrees, adding that the racing has to be very good, otherwise trainers and jockeys will go to Europe, and Saturday racing must be allowed to flourish. "The Americans, he points out, are finding that Sunday racing does not always make good commercial sense, since from the outset the unions have demanded a high price for working. British unions have not been keen on the prospect either. It is also worth bearing in mind a headline in *The Daily Mail* "Sunday racing coming soon on Britain's supertracks". The article was written in 1984.

The Jockey Club and the Levy Board are backing all-weather tracks: more than 60 meetings have been lost since the beginning of January. Seven companies have submitted plans to the Jockey Club for consideration—Kempton Park, Lingfield Park, Doncaster, Stockton (where racing stopped in 1981) ■■■

Contrasting views of the turf: the runners pass the winning post at Ascot (pages 50-51); a funfair atmosphere at Epsom during Derby week; the parade ring at Sandown.



→ and new purpose-built tracks near Grays, Essex, on the outskirts of Bournemouth and at another, as yet unknown, site in Greater London. There will probably be one track in the north and another in the south. The plan at Kempton Park is to construct an oval-shaped circuit with floodlighting. The cost would be about £1.5 million, all of it raised privately. The choice of surface appears to lie between Fibresand (sand and grit bound together by a petro-chemical product), Equitack (silica sand and rot-proof synthetic fibres), used by some Newmarket trainers—in particular on the Al Bahathri gallop—Pasada (durable synthetic granules) and American dirt.

Racing would then take place on marginal days when it would otherwise have been abandoned, with heavy loss of revenue. Brough Scott feels, however, that "it is no good using an artificial surface to extend the flat season; it must be able to take jumpers as well and there must be guaranteed fixtures. It should not be used simply to switch fixtures if it is not possible to race on grass." Trainers appear to be keen on the idea but it may be a couple of years before racing on artificial tracks becomes a reality ○

FIVE LONDON RACECOURSES

ASCOT

Founded in 1711 at the request of Queen Anne, Ascot racecourse has been associated with the Crown ever since. The present Queen's representative, Colonel Sir Piers Bengough, is responsible for its general management and for the planning and organization of race days.

The standard of racing is always high, especially so during Royal Ascot week, when a royal procession up the course's straight mile adds to the event's social status. Many go to be seen there rather than to watch.

The right connexions are needed to obtain entry to the royal enclosure. To gain a space in No 1 car park (*the* place for pre-race picnics) you have to book in July the preceding year. There are, however, no longer any social stipulations for aspiring royal watchers: once, being divorced was a bar.

Apart from the royal meeting, the major attraction has been Diamond Day with the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes. This year, in September, there will be a "Festival of British Racing", with a record £600,000 at stake. The

idea, which came from a consortium of British breeders and stallion managers, is to attract the best European horses by providing a lucrative alternative to the Breeders' Cup in America in the late autumn.

A consistently high standard of jumping adds to the attraction of Ascot: jumping began there in the mid 1960s when it was decided that a steeplechase course should be built, the turf coming from the defunct Hurst Park. The racegoer is freer to wander about at Ascot than at many other courses, and facilities, which include a supervised children's playground, have improved considerably recently. Disappointingly, they no longer stage evening racing, but clerk of the course Captain Nick Beaumont assures me that, although the Jockey Club has turned down a plea for an August evening meeting this year, Ascot will go on trying.

Ascot Berkshire (0990) 22211

Type of racing: flat and National Hunt

Number of race days left in 1987: 16

Next meeting: Royal Meeting (June 16-19)

Major races or meetings: Royal Ascot

including the St James's Palace Stakes (June 16), Coronation Stakes (June 17) and Gold Cup (June 18); King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Diamond Stakes (July 25), H. & T. Walker Goddess Steeplechase (November 21) and SGB Chase (December 19).

Type of course: right-handed triangular circuit; and a straight mile course.

Enclosures: Members, Tattersalls, Silver Ring and on the Heath in June. Entrance varies from £2.50 in the silver ring on normal race days to £12 in members at the July meeting and £52 for four-day ticket in Tattersalls at the royal meeting. New applications for tickets to the royal enclosure should be received by the Ascot Office at St James's Palace by the end of March each year.

Annual membership: £67 (includes three days' racing at Chepstow).

Directions: Ascot BR from Waterloo. Or by easy access from the M3, M4 or M25 to the A329.

EPSOM

This slumbering course exists for the sake of the Derby—the two are synonymous and as such the future of the course is secure. Set in rolling Downland, Epsom has been the home of the Derby since *Diomed* won in 1780. Disraeli described it as "the Blue Riband of the turf", and the 19th-

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century painter and journalist Benjamin Marshall wrote of it as "a day of extraordinary excitement and interest to the sportsman and millions of others in every part of England from the manufacturers of 12 storeys high to the cellarman at Hatchetts."

Morning dress is the norm in the members' enclosure on Derby day, but elsewhere informality rules, with most of the East End of London seeming to camp out on the Downs. With its brass band and a noisy fair, it ranks alongside Royal Ascot and Henley Regatta as one of the last truly English sporting occasions, although as at many other events there is now a tented village for company promotions.

Apart from Derby week there are four other racing days at Epsom, including the popular August Bank Holiday meeting. Some good racing can be relied on: with its dips and turns this track is a severe test for any horse. Facilities are generally good. According to Neligan, a massive refurbishment could see the addition of a hotel and a much-needed brightening-up of the course. A warning—if going to the Derby, take the train. Traffic is appalling. Even the helicopters hover in line.

Epsom, Surrey (03727) 26311

Type of racing: flat

Number of race days left in 1987: six

Next meeting: June 3-6

Major races: Ever Ready Derby (June 3), Coronation Cup (June 4) and Gold Seal Oaks (June 6).

Type of course: left-handed and roughly horse-shoe shaped.

Enclosures: Club, Grandstand, Lonsdale (together with Tattenham and Walton during the Derby meeting). Entrance varies from £2 on a normal race day in the Lonsdale to £36 in club with a member's voucher on Derby day.

Annual membership: £63 (includes one day's racing at Brighton and one day's showjumping at Hickstead).

Directions: Tattenham Corner BR from Charing Cross, Epsom Town BR from Victoria or Waterloo, Epsom Downs BR from Victoria. Routes off the A3 and M25 to the B290.

KEMPTON PARK

An unashamedly suburban racecourse, known as the "Londoner's racecourse", Kempton has suffered much criticism in recent years and was at one time threatened with closure. Under the careful management of United Racecourses, it is slowly regaining its pre-war reputation and beginning to stage some good flat racing to match its

excellent National Hunt programme. A few years ago there was even a televised *Illustrated London News Handicap*. Prize money has been increased to keep pace with the more prestigious Sandown nearby; and Kempton is being put forward as a possible location for an artificial track.

The highlight of the year is the King George VI Chase on Boxing Day, which attracted more than 20,000 spectators last year, when a win by the underestimated *Desert Orchid* saw most of their money going to the bookmakers. The summer evening meetings are very popular and attract a different crowd, more interested in meeting friends and having a few drinks than in just betting (wine

Annual membership: £80 (includes seven days' racing at Devon & Exeter and two days of showjumping at Hickstead).

Directions: Kempton Park BR from Waterloo; or off the A3 to the A308.

SANDOWN PARK

Neat and compact, Sandown is popular with owners and punters alike. The showpiece of United Racecourses, it has been voted "Racecourse of the Year" five years out of the past eight. The main grandstand offers a fine view of the racing. Entertainment and facilities include a leisure complex together with an exhibition centre and children's playground. At present, part of the grandstand is being glazed-in so people can watch racing in comfort during the winter. As

separate 5 furlong track. Enclosures: Club, Grandstand and Park. Entrance varies from £2 in park on normal days to £16 in club on feature days.

Annual membership: £100 (includes two days' racing at Lingfield Park, one day at Warwick and two days' at Hickstead).

Directions: Esher BR from Waterloo. Routes off the A3 and M25 to the A307.

WINDSOR

Windsor is a particularly well-supported racecourse since it offers both flat and National Hunt racing and stages a number of evening meetings. Windsor took over as London's evening meeting course when Alexandra Palace closed. All evening events, bar one, take place on a Monday and attract a cosmopolitan, youngish crowd intent on having a good time. Windsor racegoers drink more bottles of champagne per head than their counterparts during Royal Ascot. Many treat the Monday evenings as an extension of the weekend, and if driving from London it is advisable to set out early to avoid congested traffic. Going by river bus from the station is more fun, and there is even a bar on board. Hugo Bevan, Clerk of the Course, has done much to build up Windsor's reputation and trainers like it, too, since the going is good in summer and winter.

The Monday before Royal Ascot is recommended. With a high number of runners in many races, a 20-1 winner has been known to add to the fun.

Windsor's facilities are far from perfect. The stand is antiquated and viewing is not easy, but its shabbiness is part of its charm. It is always crowded, with many people taking picnics in the car park during evening meetings and Raffles, the King's Road night club, even has a marquee for its members at the course. As Bevan says, "people go racing at Windsor because everyone else does".

Windsor, Berkshire (0753) 864726

Type of racing: flat and National Hunt

Number of race days left in 1987: 13 (including eight evening meetings)

Next meeting: June 15

Major races: New Year's Day Hurdle and Winter Hill EBF Stakes (August 29).

Type of course: figure of eight.

Enclosures: Club, Tattersalls and Silver Ring. Entrance £8, £5 and £2 respectively on all days.

Annual membership: £40.

Directions: Windsor & Eton Central BR from Paddington and Windsor & Eton Riverside from Waterloo; buses or river bus to the course. Routes off the M3 or M4 to the A308.



GERRY CRANHAM

An ideal way to end the day: evening racing at Windsor.

sales go up dramatically) while the Racal Electronics Gala Evening with bands, barbecues, fun fair and fireworks is worth a detour.

Viewing is good, with a terrace encircling both the parade ring and the winners' enclosure. A glass-walled weighing room is another interesting innovation. Kempton Park is on the up and ranks as one of the most improved courses in the country.

Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex (0932) 782292.

Type of racing: flat and National Hunt

Number of race days left in 1987: 11 (including three evening meetings)

Next meeting: June 24

Major races: BonusPrint September Stakes (September 4), Charisma Records Gold Cup (October 17) and King George VI Rank Chase (December 26).

Type of course: right-handed triangular circuit with a separate 5 and 6 furlong track.

Enclosures: Club, Grandstand and Silver Ring. Entrance varies from £3 in the silver ring on normal days to £16 in club on feature days.

Tim Neligan says: "You could send a person to Sandown who knew nothing about racing and they'd enjoy the experience."

Flat and National Hunt are both strongly represented, with the Whitbread meeting in April offering a rare chance to see both: four winners of the *Guardian Classic Trial—Troy, Henbit, Shergar and Shabristani*—have gone on to win the Derby in the last eight years. The Coral Eclipse also attracts top-class horses. Evening meetings are popular, with the Sloane Ranger Evening on July 22 predictably attracting a predominantly young and boisterous crowd, including many of the Windsor brigade.

Esher, Surrey (0372) 63072

Type of racing: flat and National Hunt

Number of race days left in 1987: 14 (including two evening meetings)

Next meeting: June 12-13

Major races: Whitbread Gold Cup & *Guardian Classic Trial* (April), Coral Eclipse Stakes (July 4).

Type of course: right-handed oval with

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COOKING WITH FLOWERS

Fancy a lavender
sorbet or a rose soufflé?
Frances Bissell finds flavour
in summer flowers.
Photograph by Roger Stowell.

Little Tad's Flowers was always one of my favourite Hans Christian Andersen stories. I can remember as a child having a flower hospital for classes of Little Tad did for her tulips. We lived in the country, and I went to the village school with its 20 or so pupils. Nature-walks were an important part of the syllabus. Looking for newts and minnows in muddy streams and ponds was the height of boredom, but the excitement of finding the first celandines under the trees or a patch of my violins or, I remember, once, a meadowful of cowslips, was great indeed. I was given a patch of garden for my own, but it was right next to the hawthorn hedge and nothing would grow except gaudily reddish convolvulus.

Since then I have become a voracious gardener. I love other people's gardens, but I am not convinced that I could summon up the time and application to make the best of my own.

The idea of using flowers in cooking came to me suddenly

one hot English summer's day when lazy bees were humming round the intensely fragrant lavender. Why not, I thought? Our Roman, medieval and Elizabethan ancestors used to cook with flowers and so I picked a bundle of lavender and took it off to my mother's kitchen to experiment. A lavender sorbet was the very acceptable result; it tasted just as it had smelled in the garden.

Using flowers as an integral ingredient rather than as a mere garnish particularly interests me, so that the scent is transformed into a flavour. For the most part I use fragrant flowers in my cooking, and because of their sweet scents, usually in sweets and puddings—roses, lavender, blue mimosa, pinks and clary, various primroses and violets (but garden flowers only, please). Primroses, violas, cowslips and other wild flowers are preserved, which makes it an offence to pick them.) You can buy packets of wild flower seed and sow them in your garden. Save a few to sow in fields and hedgerows, too.—*



→ Care needs to be taken with chemicals and insecticides. It is advisable to know where the flowers that you are going to use in your kitchen have come from and to make sure they are well rinsed and dried and that all signs of wild life have been removed.

I use roses and lavender most because both grow in subtropical Britain; there is no need to feel guilty in raiding and laying bare gardens and fields. The plants might even be said to be helped by such judicious pruning. Old-fashioned roses and the more modern scented varieties can be used, and so can all strains of lavender. I have a fancy for serving a dish of mixed rose sorbets—pink, apricot, yellow and deep red—each with an unmistakable rose flavour but each flavour slightly different. I have never made it because my sorbettes are rather old-fashioned.

When I get any of the other flowers in quantity, such as close pinks, jasmine, lime flowers, primulas and elderflowers, I might make sorbets, ice creams, creams, jellies, tarts, scones, jellies and preserves. All this may sound very old-fashioned and reminiscent of a Victorian country garden but flower sorbets, for example, follow a modern dinner party very well. I enjoy the look of surprise delighted on my guests' faces when I present them with what they expect to be a rhubarb or strawberry sorbet.

I use certain flowers—marigolds, nasturtiums and cornflower petals—for their flavour and bite as well as their colour. Of course, you can make dishes using stoned courgette flowers lying in a pool of delicate sauce, but I like to prepare them in a much simpler fashion, shredded with basil and tossed with olive oil and garlic into a bowl of steaming, freshly cooked pasta. All the flavours of summer are there. Marigold petals are chopped up with chives and chervil, mixed with cooked rice and used as a stuffing for quail or poussin, especially good cold.

COOKING NOTES

Volume

When the flowers are measured in the following way, they should be loosely packed in a measuring jug, not crushed down.

Sugar Syrup

It is a sad fact that the best-textured sorbets and ice creams have a large proportion of sugar in them. For my standard sugar syrups, I use one part sugar to two parts water measured, again, by volume. I have recipes that use equal parts sugar and water and even some which use two parts sugar to one part water, but I find them much too sweet.

If I have to use sugar in my cooking, I prefer an unrefined sugar like demerara or the light muscovado, but because they have a distinct flavour and colour, they are not suitable for delicate creams and sorbets. Use refined sugar for them, or possibly golden granulated sugar.

ILLUSTRATION PAGE EIGHT

young buds on the trees yet. They remain barren and summer seems far off. Cut daffodils help to lift the gloom but cannot stop me from wanting to be where there are flowers, scents and colours.

In Seville, perhaps, where the heavenly scent of orange blossom meets you as soon as you step from the plane. Or Marseilles, with soft yellow scented mimosa everywhere. The mind travels quickly all over the Mediterranean and remembers the coasting red geraniums and sunlit courtyards, the proud bougainvillias acting as sentinel at a garden gate, bright wavy oleanders marching along the roadside and brightest of all, the brilliant hibiscus showing off in the most unlikely places, by the rubbish dump and the car park.

I look out of the window. The slow nurturing season and the gentle rain brings life to our beautiful English flowers year after year in hedgerows, meadows, heaths and gardens. What price the tawdry hibiscus next to the velvety elegance of the wallflower, for all the world like a Regency dandy? And, while they may have a stunning brilliance, some Mediterranean beauties have little or no scent. That is what makes English flowers so special.

Here are some of my favourite recipes for translating those scents into flavourings for exquisite puddings. The recipes for lavender sorbet and the English lavender pudding have already appeared in *A Cook's Calendar* and *The Pleasures of Cookery*, respectively. (Both books are published by Chatto & Windus.)

ENGLISH LAVENDER PUDDING
Serves six to eight
For this you need lavender sugar, which is stocked by some grocers and delicatessens with a range of French imports. Why it is not made in England, where there is such lovely lavender, I do not know.

I make my own every year from lavender that is just coming into flower, but not fully in bloom. I pick off the individual flower heads with tweezers, a delicate job, and allow them to dry for half a day before putting them into a well-cleaned coffee grinder with three times their volume of sugar. Grind to a powder, allow to dry on a plate and then store in airtight jars. I prepare rose-petal sugar and mint sugar in just the same way. If you can use fresh lavender in this recipe to infuse in the cream, so much the better, for you will get the lavender flavour without having to use as much sugar.

1 dessertspoon fruit jelly or honey
8-10 thin slices of lightly buttered wholemeal bread
1 pint/600ml single cream
Lavender sugar to taste
3× Size 3 eggs
1 oz/25g ratatoufles, macaroons or Amaretto
Crystallized flower petals, to decorate

Custard to serve, made with 1 pint milk, sugar to taste, and 2 spoonfuls eggs

Spoon the jelly or honey into a 2 pint/1 litre pudding basin. Cut the crusts from the slices of bread and cut each slice into two wedge-shaped. Line the basin with the pieces of bread, butter-side to basin, overlapping them slightly. Cut a small round of bread to fit the base. Gently heat the cream and stir in the lavender sugar to taste. Remove the cream from the heat and beat in the eggs one by one. Place the ratatoufles biscuits in the lined basin, cover with any bread left over. Pour the custard through a sieve over the ratatoufles and bread. Allow to stand for 20 minutes. Tie on a cover of greaseproof paper and steam for one hour. Remove from the pan and allow the pudding to shrink slightly. Turn out on to a plate and decorate as you wish, perhaps with a mixture of fresh and crystallized flower (e.g. rose) petals. Serve with a little more custard (made as above) or with a fruit coulis.

LAVENDER SORBET

Serves four to six
1 pint/600ml sugar syrup
Juice of 1 lemon
2 teacups of washed lavender buds

Bring half the syrup to the boil with the lemon juice. Add 1½ cups of lavender buds. Return to the boil, then remove from the heat. Let the flowers steep overnight. Next day strain the liquid into the blender. Add the rest of the syrup and the rest of the washed lavender buds. Process for 30 seconds, strain and then taste. If too sweet, add a little more lemon juice. Freeze or make up in a sorbetiere. Serve a small scoop each, garnished with a spray of fresh lavender.

ROSE SOUFFLÉ

Serves four
½ pint/300ml pink or red fragrant rose petals with the white ones removed
2 oz/50g caster sugar
1 oz/25g unsalted butter
1 oz/25g sieved flour
1 pint/300ml milk
3× Size 3 eggs
Icing sugar, to sprinkle

Wash and dry the rose petals. Pound them in a mortar with the sugar or grind both together in a food processor or coffee grinder. Melt the butter in a saucepan, add the flour and mix thoroughly, gradually adding the milk to form a white sauce. Stir in the rose sugar. Separate the egg whites and whisk until they form stiff peaks. Fold them into the soufflé mixture. Butter and sugar a soufflé dish and gently pour in the mixture. Flatten the top. Bake in a moderate oven pre-heated to gas mark 4/180°C/350°F for 20 to 25 minutes. Serve immediately with a dusting of icing sugar.

ROSE JUNKEK

Serves four to six
1 pint/150ml water
2 oz/50g sugar
½ pint/300ml fragrant pink rose petals with the white ones removed
½ pint/450ml gold top milk
½ pint/300ml single cream
2 teaspoons rennet
To decorate:
Fresh ground nutmeg
Fresh rose petals

Prepare the rose syrup the day before by heating the water and sugar together until just syrupy. Wash and shake the rose petals dry. Bring the syrup to the boil and stir in half the rose petals and allow to stand overnight. Put the rest of the petals in a airtight box and refrigerate overnight. Next day, strain the rose petal syrup into a blender, add the fresh rose petals and blend until smooth. In a large saucepan, mix milk, cream and blended rose liquid. Heat to blood temperature 98°F, not boiling, and add the rennet. Stir for a few seconds and pour into a glass. Leave until completely set and then chill until required. Just before serving, sprinkle over a little fresh ground nutmeg and decorate with some fresh rose petals.

LIMEFLOWER AND HONEY ICE-CREAM

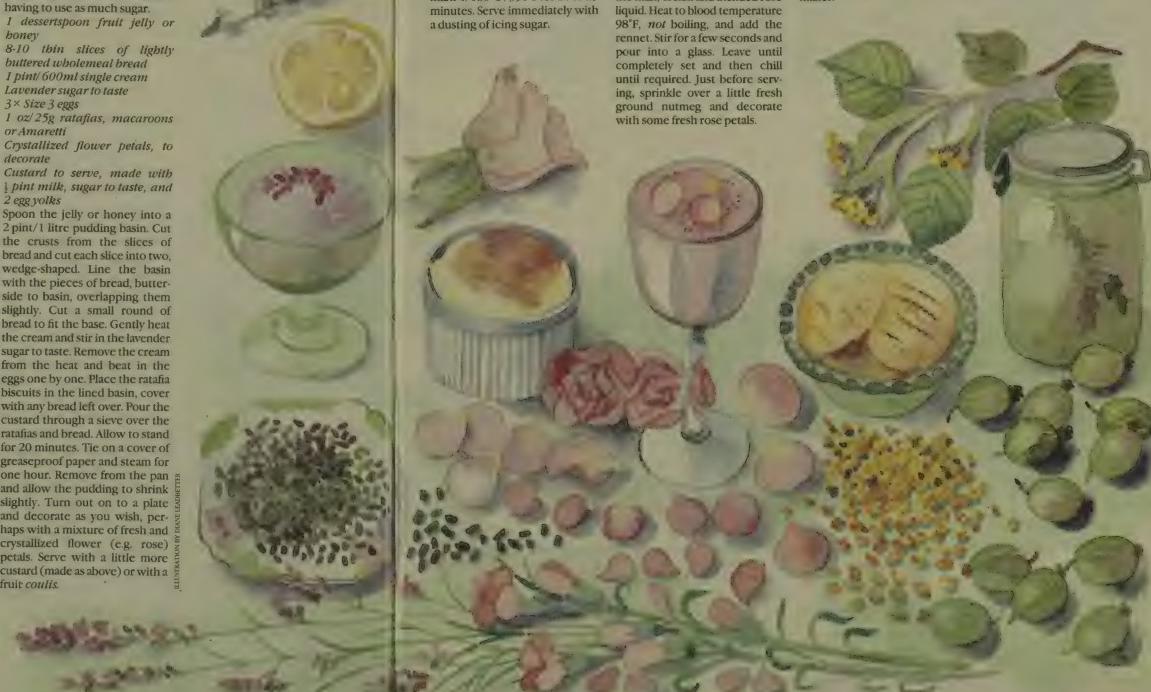
Serves four to six
(for the lavender)
4 lb/1.8kg gooseberries
3 pints/1.8 litres water
30 sprigs of lavender, washed and dried
Sugar

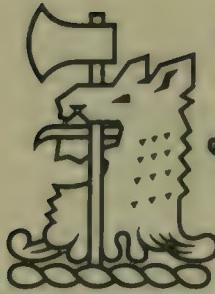
Simmer the fruit and water with 10 lavender sprigs. When the fruit is soft, strain it through a jelly bag (without squeezing) to keep the liquid clean. Add the sugar to the liquid in the proportion of 1½lb/450-550g per pint/600ml of liquid. Gently heat until the sugar has melted. Add 10 more lavender sprigs and boil briskly until setting point is reached. Allow to stand for 15 minutes. Remove the lavender sprigs and any scum from the surface. Pour into small warmed jars, with one or two sprigs of lavender in each. Seal and cover.

GOOSEBERRY AND LAVENDER JELLY

Makes 6-7 lb
(Elderflowers can be substituted for the lavender)
4 lb/1.8kg gooseberries
3 pints/1.8 litres water
30 sprigs of lavender, washed and dried

Simmer the fruit and water with 10 lavender sprigs. When the fruit is soft, strain it through a jelly bag (without squeezing) to keep the liquid clean. Add the sugar to the liquid in the proportion of 1½lb/450-550g per pint/600ml of liquid. Gently heat until the sugar has melted. Add 10 more lavender sprigs and boil briskly until setting point is reached. Allow to stand for 15 minutes. Remove the lavender sprigs and any scum from the surface. Pour into small warmed jars, with one or two sprigs of lavender in each. Seal and cover.





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With Kensington & Chelsea to its east and the Thames on its western border, Fulham is becoming an increasingly desirable London residential area.

June Field explores a booming market, as houses, renovated to high standards, and fashionable new developments command higher and higher prices.

PROPERTY

THE FASHION FOR FULHAM

Fulham is becoming fashionable in its own right. Once described (by Sir Nikolaus Pevsner) as one of the least visually attractive boroughs of London, and almost invariably burdened with the label of the poor man's Chelsea, it is now seen as a pleasant and increasingly desirable place to live. Though there are still grot and graffiti, and its name (which means "the muddy state of the road at the ford in a river bend") may be off-putting to those who understand it, estate agents now feel able to describe it as a smart alternative to Chelsea, and can quote prices to prove it.

The river is one of its attractions. It has some 3½ miles of Thames waterside, running in a long loop down from Hammersmith Bridge along Fulham Reach to Putney Bridge, and then past Hurlingham to Wandsworth Bridge and Chelsea Creek. Bishop's Park, along the north bank of the river by Putney Bridge, provides an excellent vantage point for watching the start of the Boat Race, and also provides the setting for Fulham Palace, the red brick Tudor building, not much

changed apart from the south side, restored in 1858.

The palace is on one of England's most historic sites, and was built by Henry VII and Henry VIII for the bishops of London. (The original was destroyed in 1381 when John Peccche, a local fisherman, led a peasants' revolt and burned it down.)

The freeholders of the listed Grade I dwelling are the Church Commissioners for England, who leased it to the London Borough of Hammersmith & Fulham when the Bishop vacated in 1973. About four years ago, when the place was partly used as offices, and mainly boarded-up, it was unsuccessfully put up for sale. Now the Labour-controlled council is renovating the historic building and organizing an ambitious programme of exhibitions, workshops and concerts to draw in the public.

In 1973 the borough published a *Plan for Fulham Reach*, the aim of which was to get rid of ugly industrial buildings on the north bank of the Thames between Hammersmith and Putney, and replace them with

housing. The idea was to make the riverside more attractive and accessible to the general public with pleasantly landscaped river walks. But with the loss of employment, some four years later the policy for the sites still used by industry was revoked.

One major residential development where a waterside walk became a reality is River Gardens, Stevenage Road. Willow, Elm and Alder Lodges make up the dramatically designed block of flats created by Ted Levy Benjamin & Partners.

Instead of building a monolithic slab facing the river, their solution was a curvy serpentine structure in a richly sepia-toned brick, where part of the roof of one apartment forms the balcony of the one above.

Ahead of its time (1978) was the provision of a swimming pool and sauna unit in a building next door. The 117 flats originally sold for £19,500 to £70,000 on a 990 year lease, with a ground rent of one red rose on Midsummer's Day. Townchoice had a two-bedroom, two-bathroom flat on offer recently at £149,950. »→

Above, Chelsea Lodge, Harwood Terrace, a Barratt development of eight four-bedroom, two-bathroom houses which sell from £247,000.



» Larger units with wider views of the water command more.

Next door to River Gardens is Fulham Football Club's Craven Cottage ground. (The name derives from a substantial house built in 1780 by the sixth Baron Craven, and accidentally burnt down a century or so later.) One of the few printable slogans scrawled on the entrance gates at the height of the recent row over development plans was "Don't sell us out". This was a reference to the project to build quality houses on this desirable 7 acre riverside site, whose value of £3 million an acre is rapidly increasing.

A scheme which appears to be all set for success is the Virginia Wade Tennis Centre. It is an £18 million full-size leisure venture—with a gymnasium, swimming-pool and dance studios as well as at least 17 tennis courts—on the site of the old Fulham power station in Townmead Road, almost opposite the London Westland Heliport.

The centre, in which Bovis Homes is also involved, is due to start this summer, with completion scheduled for September next year. It will also include 250 up-market riverside flats, as well as 80 council flats. Virginia Wade, Britain's former Wimbledon tennis champion, is advising on the planning and development of the centre.

By such means Fulham is creating a fashionable environment. Estate agents report that

Thames Reach, Rainville Road, W6, on the edge of Fulham. Designed by Richard Rogers, units have been selling from £165,000 to £595,000.

price increases since mid 1985 have been dramatic, though Mark Gurdon, of Sturgis, says the result was that too many people tried to cash in on the rapidly rising market. "So much property came on stream, creating a surplus. This means the market has now levelled off somewhat, although it is still very buoyant, and property here is still extremely good value for money in comparison with Chelsea, South Kensington and Holland Park."

Even tiny cottages command good prices. Off 416 Fulham Road, near Stamford Bridge, is the "Italian Village", a colony of studios set up between the wars by Italian artist Mario Manenti (1885-1954), where a cottage was for sale at £200,000 freehold through Phillips, Kay & Lewis. But a word of warning—you will need precise directions to find it. Fulham Road takes in SW3, SW6 and SW10, extending from Brompton Road, across Fulham Broadway, to Fulham Palace Road.

Jon Hunt, director of Foxtons, says he has received sales instructions for more than £200 million-worth of property at his Fulham office over the last 12 months, and it looks as if the figure will be considerably higher by the end of the year. To cope with the volume of business his offices are open from 9am to 9pm weekdays, 10am to 5pm weekends and bank holidays. He

maintains that, even allowing for political uncertainties, the pause in London house prices is over, and that values are rising again.

"At the moment most of the growth is coming from the cheaper end of the market, in properties under £85,000. This growth will fuel the next segment, and so on through to the top." He predicts that flats in Fulham in the lower price bracket will register a 14 per cent increase by April next year, and for flats and houses from £85,000 up to £200,000, anything between 13 and 18 per cent. Houses over £200,000 could shoot up at least 20 per cent.

At the bottom of Lots Road in the new "village" of Chelsea Harbour, waterside apartments have been selling swiftly from £140,000 to over £500,000; actor Michael Caine has reserved one in the 22 storey Belvedere Tower. In spite of its name, the complex is part of Hammersmith & Fulham borough. Although it is on a site derelict for years, it has been attacked by the council's journal *Street Life*. Referring to the 8,500 people waiting for council homes it says, "It's rubbing salt into the wounds to see a valuable piece of building land swallowed up by developers who are uninterested in local problems".

Trafalgar House's New Ideal Homes development on a 2 acre site originally part of the grounds

of Sandford Manor, now called Peterhouse Gardens, was built in 1983. Then the four-bedroom town houses on three floors were £91,000, now they are £180,000 through Farrar Stead & Glyn. The Georgian Sandford Manor, incidentally, sadly moulder away within the precincts of the town's original gas works off the King's Road, is to be restored by the newly-formed local Historical Buildings Committee. As for those gigantic gasholders, rusty green monsters, rumour has it that they are coming down—a relief to those whose back gardens they dominate.

Fulham is a good area for letting property, says Justin Shingles of Chestertons Prudential. "Professional couples without children like riverside flats such as those in Hurlingham Court, where two-bedroom accommodation rents at £225 a week, or cottages with patios, like one in St Dionis Road, which is £250 a week."

Bachelors opt for Barratt's Brompton Park flats with the use of swimming-pool and gymnasium, close to West Brompton Underground station and Earls Court, where rents vary from £100 to £300 a week for company agreements only. A family is paying nearly £400 a week for a substantial house in Crondace Road with a large living room and dining-area furnished with antiques. Some of the best investment returns on rentals are in Purser's Cross Road and Clonmel Road, off Fulham Road.

Barratt Central London are

heavily committed to development in Fulham, from the refurbishment of rented flats for the council, to around £250,000 for houses complete with a whirlpool bath and private parking. Managing director David Pretty, whose major coup was the selling of one of the company's Dulwich Gate houses to the Thatchers, has pitched prices in Fulham to cater for "the hard-working executive who wants security, modernity and a pleasant environment".

This has made their stylish new property, with its full quota of the latest kitchen equipment as well as carpets, some of the best value in the district. Special viewing weekends attract not only yuppies but working expatriates on leave looking for somewhere to double as an investment and a place to live on their return.

Barratt began in the borough a couple of years ago with the £27 million Brompton Park, built on the site of a disused hospital in Seagrave Road. The 345 flats with their own leisure complex were a sell-out in the £55,000 to £150,000-plus range. Re-sales coming up now are at considerably increased figures.

Just completed is Hurlingham Square, Peterborough Road, on the site of the old Drayton Paperworks. It is named after the nearby Hurlingham Club in Ranelagh Gardens. In the house (built in 1760) and grounds you can play tennis, squash, cricket, croquet and pitch and putt golf, as well as cards and billiards, for an entrance fee of £400 and an annual subscription of £265.

There are more new Barratt houses in Chelsea Lodge, Harwood Terrace, and Chelsea Walk, Avalon Road. In Palace Mews, off Hartismere Road, you get a garage with the pretty two-bedroom, two-bathroom cottages which sell from £210,000.

Incidentally, if you cannot sell the home you already own, subject to survey, Barratt will take it in part-exchange.

Most of the 27 smart, spacious apartments at Croudace's Thames Reach, Rainville Road, to the west of Fulham Palace Road, sold off-plan when they came on the market recently through Savills and John England & Partners at £165,000 to £595,000. They are designed by architects Richard Rogers & Partners. As one might expect from the creator of the Paris Pompidou Centre and Lloyds' new building in London's Leadenhall Street, the design is far from traditional. The south-facing view of the river through the great expanse of floor-to-ceiling

glass that takes up the whole of the front wall is spectacular. Admittedly, the glass has to be cleaned inside and out and blinds are needed to guard against the effects of sun on the furnishings.

Suburban development dates from the 1860s to the early 1900s, when a great deal of Fulham filled up with terraces of good, solid houses and mansion blocks of flats of no particular architectural merit. It is these homes, though, that are fetching good money now.

The exterior of Bishop's Park Mansions, Bishop's Park Road, built in 1900, apart from being less creeper-clad, appears to have changed very little, according to a photograph taken in 1908, reproduced in *Life In Fulham—Old Fulham in Pictures*. The block was quite avant-garde: it had balconies, electric bells and coal cellars and the services of a porter to help carry the coal sacks down. The flats then were for rent at £50 a year. Chestertons Prudential sold one recently for £130,000.

Tim Hayward of Jackson-Stops & Staff finds a good market for the older Victorian family houses. "People like the cosy, established feel of a period home. Character property is still in demand provided that any remedial work has been carried out to a high standard."

The Peterborough Estate, just south of the New King's Road in the Parsons Green area, developed from 1889 in the grounds of Peterborough House which was demolished in 1901. On houses in one of its premier roads, Chipstead Street, ornamentation runs riot over the red brick—there are intricate friezes and string courses, decorative arches over windows and the odd stained-glass panel.

Everywhere, houses are being refurbished. Basements or cellars are being dug out for games rooms, and lofts lifted for the children and nanny. The extra accommodation usually works out at about £25,000 to £30,000 to convert the nether regions, up to £20,000 to add two bedrooms and an "en suite" at the top.

Such embellishments obviously raise the asking price when you come to sell. In Dolby Road, where the average house price is £295,000, a basic terrace house with a Victorian "Gothic" style conservatory was receiving the full renovation treatment to provide five bedrooms and three bathrooms. "It is expected to attain a new price level in the area of £350,000," observes Richard Rawlings of Winkworth's New King's Road office. ○

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BUCKING THE TREND

James Hughes-Onslow discusses the nonconformist dress of three well-known individualists.

Nicholas Fairbairn, former Solicitor General for Scotland and Tory MP for Perth and Kinross, believes that unconventional dress is an important means of self-expression. He regards the lounge suit as the symbol of the suppressed personality of the present day.



There are at least three types of men who, without being weird or kinky, dress in ways which must fail to impress fellow members of their own professions and may well be regarded as very odd. These people do not deliberately behave as eccentrics; indeed, they show signs of being so self-confident that they do not really care what anyone else thinks of them. None of them dresses in a way which would obviously help him to get on in his own competitive field, yet each has his own reasons, quite different from the others, for dressing as he does. If any one of them was trying to get a job in the Foreign Office, the BBC or an accountancy firm, he would probably have been weeded out at a very early stage of the selection process, with the minimum of embarrassment to all concerned. As it is, each has been successful on his own terms without bothering too much about the niceties of conventional behaviour.

The former Solicitor General for Scotland and Tory MP for Perth and Kinross Nicholas Fairbairn is a leading member of the most vociferous group. Although he has a reputation as a frivolous dandy, Fairbairn is serious when he talks of the importance of dress as a means of self-expression. He believes that the tawdry manner in which 20th-century males try to conform without any regard for aesthetic considerations is just a symptom of a deep malaise which affects every aspect of society.

"We dress in a very boring way," he says. "If you look at the portraits and statues in the Palace of Westminster, most of them only 100 years old or less, you see that in that short century the whole personality of dress has

disappeared. It is a tragedy. It is reflected in all forms of human expression, particularly architecture. Across the river from the House of Commons you see rows of buildings, all correctly dressed and without character."

Fairbairn frequently wears tartan trousers in the House of Commons. In Scotland he wears a kilt, but not as a rule south of the border. His *bête noire* is the lounge suit which he says is the symbol of the suppressed personality of the present day. People are now so trained to be uniform that they are frightened to be significant, the Fairbairn theory goes, and they are increasingly resentful of anyone who is demonstrably different.

All of which might suggest that if you want to go on it is as well to conform. Are not these ambitions people are led to have to look exactly the same? If your departure from the norms is so obviously resented by colleagues and suspected by employees who find anyone unusual somewhat unreliable?

Their fear of being different is incomprehensible but it is not justified," says Fairbairn. "If you work in a bank you turn up as pin-striped as can be. In politics and the professions you can dress as you like. In my drawing room in Scotland I am surrounded by portraits of distinguished members of the legal profession, all dressed in a variety of ways. The purpose of uniforms, whether military, legal or of any other kind, used to be to express office, to demonstrate what powers you hold. Now everyone wants to look the same for no reason whatever."

Fairbairn regrets that he does often wear a suit in the House of Commons, such are the pressures of conformity even on him,

but he does try to be different with top pockets, a watch chain and the occasional detail of his own design. One of the difficulties is that a man wearing a leather jacket and without a tie is thought much less likely to be called by the Speaker, especially as the present incumbent Bernard Weatherill is a Savile Row tailor by family tradition. All the same Fairbairn took a dim view of the flunkie who tried to stop him approaching the bar of the House of Lords in Highland dress on the grounds that he was not wearing a tie. If the flunkie could find a single portrait of a mad in a necktie in the House of Lords, Fairbairn told him, he would be prepared to do as he was told.

What is so good about a bloody necktie? It is a hideous misinterpretation of what it is supposed to be. Collars are designed to set up the head and focus on the personality. Modern clothes don't do that. Suit collars and shirt collars are all turned down and the modern necktie is just the vestigial remains of what it was once supposed to be. I was very struck by the funeral of Mrs Gandhi, all those wonderful Indians with open necks or Nehru collars. Not a single stupid necktie among them and they couldn't have looked more dignified."

Among his more exuberant colleagues Fairbairn finds Michael Heseltine pretty flashy and Rhodes Boyson boringly pedestrian, yet even these individualists always wear suits. The big question is whether, if the colourful MP for Perth and Kinross had dressed in a less conspicuous manner, or perhaps in the City spiv style favoured by younger Tory MPs, he would have advanced his career any further. Perhaps a duller ➤➤



Richard Branson, founder of the Virgin record and travel empire, has a total disregard for clothes; the pullovers he wears to the office reflect his unselfconscious, unstuffy approach.

» Fairbairn would be Secretary of State for Scotland by now.

One man who has never allowed sartorial matters to stand between him and a successful career is the self-made millionaire Richard Branson. He has never been known to dress like a businessman or like any of his contemporaries in the pop world. He dresses for the office in pullovers and cardigans, rather as if he were relaxing from a transatlantic power boat or balloon attempt. Staff at Virgin say that the Branson influence is indeed relaxing and unstuffy and they say the boss is quite prepared to dress more formally in a suit, even in a dinner jacket, if the circumstances demand, but that he changes back into more casual wear at the earliest opportunity. Everyone at Virgin is encouraged to be as comfortable as possible. Friends give him pullovers for Christmas and inevitably there are a few favourites but on the whole Britain's ninth richest man is not interested in clothes.

This year he was voted one of the worst-dressed men in Britain, whereas in last year's competition he was among the best-dressed, causing some wags to comment that some of his favourite pullovers must be getting a bit threadbare. But neither accolade was of the slightest interest to Branson himself who was photographed climbing a

tree in London in a promotion stunt for UK2000—the partnership, of which he is chairman, between the voluntary sector, government and business which aims to improve the environment and create jobs—on the day the awards were announced.

Some might say it requires greater self-confidence and strength of character to dress as Branson does, with a total disregard for the way other people present themselves, than it does to be as self-conscious about one's image as Nicholas Fairbairn is. Writing in a magazine about his UK2000 project the other day, Branson went out of his way to point out that on the day of the inaugural meeting he was wearing odd shoes. Everyone seemed to be looking at his feet, he noticed. "It was an early-morning meeting," he wrote. "I'd just shoved my feet in the cupboard and off I'd gone. The meeting turned out to be very refreshing and exciting; if there was any resentment, no one showed it."

Now perhaps Branson was showing signs of nerves—carelessness brought on by pressure—when he put the wrong shoe on, and he does confess to being a little worried about the impression he was about to make on his new colleagues at UK2000. But one thing that does not seem to have worried him was his appearance, either at the

time or in retrospect, because he also says he did the same thing on the day that Virgin went public.

A different kind of non-conformist is the photographer Terence Donovan, the man who took last year's engagement pictures of the Duke and Duchess of York. While most photographers go for the studied casual look, ranging from polo-neck sweaters to denim jackets, Donovan usually wears conventional grey or blue suits with white shirts and dark ties. Certainly Donovan seems very formally attired compared with the two royal snappers, Lords Lichfield and Snowdon. It may be that Donovan simply does not want to waste time in the morning selecting the appropriate garment as Fairbairn would do, and Branson usually manages to do when he does not stick his foot in the wrong shoe.

It is possible that Donovan, who is the son of an East End lorry driver, has found that being immaculately dressed does open doors, especially to Buckingham Palace. Someone has pointed out to me that Donovan has something of a reputation for photographing women in uniform, with austere clothing stretched over tight skin. Can this be, perhaps, a clue to his own sartorial appearance?

Best described as well built but not tall, with a 52 inch chest and

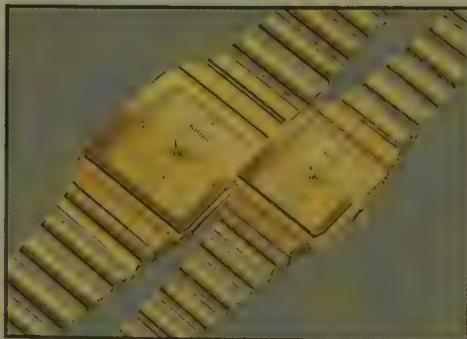
a 20 inch collar, Donovan's suits confirm he gives no thought to his appearance. Yet he does seem to go out of his way to look the same every day. It could be that running a busy studio puts him in the position of a businessman or entrepreneur rather than a run-of-the-mill photographer, and you can never be sure when you get up in the morning whether you will have to rub shoulders with a city tycoon who might not understand the relaxed, informal, anarchic tendencies adopted by most members of Donovan's profession.

Simply being able to forget about clothes by wearing the same thing every day gets rid of some pressures and decision making, not to mention the time-wasting business of going to the tailor. Being well-dressed may be an encouragement to junior members of the staff to maintain proper standards. Maybe Donovan, who has practised yoga and judo in his spare time (death to sober suits if he wears them then) is really an insecure person under a confident exterior.

All of this is speculation, however, because when I rang his studio he was much too busy to discuss such trivia, preferred not to be photographed and none of his staff would offer an explanation of their own. Of the three types Donovan is perhaps the most mysterious. □

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PORTUGAL

Swiss peace and solitude

Edward Mace discovers a defiantly individual corner of Switzerland.

At the eastern tip of Switzerland a wide valley, watered by the River Inn and flanked by high mountains, glaciers, woods, lakes and meadows, juts into western Austria and northern Italy for 60 miles. This is the Lower Engadine, catapulted late into the Swiss Confederation from the Austrian Empire by the political volcano of the Napoleonic Wars. It is a region defiantly individual in flavour, until recently remarkably poor, and with a language all to itself—Romansh—commonly used by the locals and spoken or understood by nobody else.

In June the lightning that splashes across the peaks like firewater floodlights expanses of wild flowers. By August the pastures lower down the mountain-side begin to glow with autumn crocus like illuminated landing strips. The one wild flower that Linnaeus, the great Swedish botanist, named after himself grows among the moss of the Alpine woods; even the white gentian flourishes. Richard Wagner, claimed to have experienced here an exalted holiness and a peace almost violent in its intensity.

All too few British visitors find their way to these parts today, due perhaps less to a distaste for Wagnerian hyperbole than to the comparative awkwardness of getting there. It takes at least five hours to drive there from either of the two main international airports of Zürich or Milan, not so long from quieter Innsbruck.

The train is faster and arguably the ride is even more dramatic. Once you leave the express at Chur and join the single track of the delightful Rhaetian Railway with its immaculately-kept bright scarlet carriages, you have taken, as it were, a front seat for a performance of train theatre. The line is an astounding experience, crossing, recrossing, doubling back, grinding round hairpin bends, skirting precipices, vaulting rivers and hurtling streams, darting in and out of tunnels like a scale model in Selfridge's windows at Christmas. Eager as it is to reach Scuol, capital of the Lower Engadine and the end of the line, the nifty little train does take its time.

On arrival, however, it is immediately obvious that the effort was worth making. Upper and



Lower Engadine—the name stands for the "Valley of the Inn"—are wonderfully different. You can see this so as soon as you cross the dividing line at Punto Ota, a pretty village of singular insignificance south of Lai Longhin where the River Inn rises above the smart, rather shop-soiled resort of St Moritz.

Suddenly, the region has ceased to be tailored for mass tourism. The Inn itself, compliant and tame up to now and with Innsbruck and its confluence with the Danube a long way off, discovers a new freedom and begins to assert its strength. It widens and turns a deeper green. By the time it reaches Scuol it is rushing under the town bridges like a team of Lipca horses let out into the fresh air after an unusually long winter. The terrain and life of the countryside alters and simplifies.

The finest village is said to be Guarda. It is, as Michelin rightly puts it, the museum village of the Lower Engadine with its steep, narrow streets paved with cobblestones, its fountains and marvellously painted houses so baroque as to be too precious for some tastes. Nearby Ardez is brusquer, more bucolic. Both are repeated, after a fashion, all the way along the road to the Austrian frontier.

Neatly spaced out at regular intervals there are castles, mostly in ruins, that dominate the meadows, as intended by the Holy Roman Emperors to put the fear of God into the peasantry. The finest of them is the *schloss* at Tarasp which stands on a peak all to itself, with a chapel that sports

an onion dome you would not normally expect to see for another 200 miles.

The castle, the summer residence of the Princess of Hesse, is as romantic and unlikely as such a building should be and rarely is. The princess is descended through marriage from Queen Victoria. Lord Mountbatten, a kinsman, loved this castle, and indeed numerous sightseers in summer find it extremely pleasant. The concerts that are held there in the season are justifiably popular. The Chasté Hotel and restaurant at the castle gates is an excellent house where the patron, who is also the chef, keeps a first-class table.

Although the region has been inhabited since the Bronze Age, centuries of poverty have left little to show for it. The churches are small and municipal building is on a distinctly domestic scale. Walking is the chief attraction. And to that must be added golf as the course at Vulpera, laid out on what appears at least to a non-player to be a series of grass shelves, is highly regarded by experts. The chair-lifts that haul skiers up to the slopes in winter carry walkers, many of them keen botanists seeking gentler pastimes in summer. At almost any height they can be sure of finding simple, succulent food.

At S-charl, a remote hamlet (but served by the ubiquitous postbus) at the start of a secret path into Italy, three inns compete for patronage, all of them enticing. To walk from Scuol on a sunny day to Sur En, is balm to the soul and also to the digestion, ending with lunch at the little

Gasthof Val d'Uina. The trout come straight from the stream.

The Lower Engadine is no longer poor. Like everybody else in Switzerland the inhabitants seem to be powerfully affluent. The farmers drive Mercedes cars and when there is hard work to be done they import the labour.

Many visitors from Britain, particularly those coming for the first time, find the cleanliness almost puzzling. The total absence of litter and the graffiti-free walls can be slightly disconcerting. Standards, like prices, are high. This is deliberate policy: the appeal is to the independent traveller who has the leisure and the money to afford it.

Our Travel Editor writes: Using a combination of air-rail, air-rail-road or air-road travel, there are three convenient routes to the Engadine. Fly to Zürich (Swissair from Heathrow and Manchester; British Airways from Heathrow; Dan-Air from Gatwick), take the train to Chur on the Swiss National Railways network and change to the narrow-gauge Rhaetian Railway for Scuol, either direct or with immediate connexions via St Moritz. This takes five and a half to seven hours according to service. Alternatively fly from Zürich by internal Aero-leasing service to St Moritz (Samedan airport) which takes half an hour. Continue either by train (about 70 minutes) or self-drive car, from the airport, for the 35 mile drive to Scuol.

Current London-Zürich return air fares: £400 (first class, Swissair only); £300 Club Class (Swissair and British Airways); £99-£139 Economy/Excursion. Fly-drive combinations available. **Address:** Swiss National Tourist Office, Swiss Centre, 1 New Coventry Street, London W1V 8EE (734 1921).

REVIEWS

THEATRE

A pair of perfect players

BY J. C. TREWIN

For as long as I remember, *Antony and Cleopatra* has been repeatedly called unactable. Some fine individual performances, yes; some striking stage effects; but never, until now, an occasion when one can say: "Here is the complete play". From well over 20 revivals I recall two that were exceptional; but the great panorama had never come wholly together as in Peter Hall's current National production on the stage of the Olivier: one of the three most remarkable Shakespearian nights in my experience. Here is not simply the uncut text, but an occasion when everything in the performance is right.

Of all the plays, *Antony and Cleopatra* has to move the fastest, its dozens of scenes melting into each other across "the wide arch of the rang'd empire". Everything must be ordered precisely—we should never pause to ask why or wherefore—and the speakers must not allow the blaze of language to be dimmed. Shakespeare is at his most prodigal here: realms and islands are "as plates dropped from his pocket". Even Antony's schoolmaster, among the three speeches on his mission to Caesar, has the magical lines, "I was of late as petty to his ends/As is the morn-dew on the myrtle leaf/To his grand sea."

Miraculously, at the Olivier, the tragedy does come to us untarnished. Its narrative sweeps us along as upon the flood-waters of the Nile. Judi Dench keeps entire control of Cleopatra, "whom everything becomes—to chide, to laugh, to weep," and she rises, as we had not doubted she would, to the ultimate sublimation, prefaced by Iras, who has hardly spoken, with that urgent cry, "Finish, good lady; the bright



Anthony Hopkins and Judi Dench in *Antony and Cleopatra*: a remarkable Shakespearian night at the Olivier.

day is done/And we are for the dark." Anthony Hopkins achieves that desperately difficult task, to suggest his past streaming about him, the past of a great general who once had superfluous kings for messengers. Neither player lets the temperature sink; there is not a suspicion of self-consciousness. It is a sign of this Queen's command that when, towards the middle of the night, Enobarbus embarks upon the Barge speech to Agrippa and Maecenas, one does not think (as I have done too often) of comparing the woman we have seen with the "infinite variety" of the one

remembered. From the outset we have been in Cleopatra's presence, and that is enough.

This is the place to applaud Michael Bryant's Enobarbus, the ironic watcher whose speech is royally touched. When he is recalling how Cleopatra had pursed up Antony's heart on the river of Cydnus, he lets memory take over quietly, scene by scene, without slipping into a familiar sonorous recital.

But everyone comes freshly from the page. Years ago the critic James Agate did not know what to make of Octavius Caesar whom he called, in one notice, a

master of chicane, and in another a part that had nothing in it. Tim Pigott-Smith is now very much a personage as an Octavius who is like a film of ice upon all his scenes, and whose profound anger with Antony is aggravated when his sister Octavia (embodied exactly by Sally Dexter) must come "a market-maid to Rome".

Peter Hall has used the rich but unobtrusive Renaissance sets and costumes (the answer to "cut my lace, Charmian") designed by Alison Chitty. A measure of his success is that no device distracts us from the surge of the great tragedy.

CINEMA

Roots of Jewish humour

BY GEORGE PERRY

Woody Allen and Neil Simon have certain things in common: both are New Yorkers, Jewish and leading American humorists. By coincidence each has written a semi-autobiographical film based on his early years: Allen gives us *Radio Days* and Simon *Brighton Beach Memoirs*. The boys in both productions are clasped to the bosom of large, restless, lower middle-class families living in windblown houses in Long Island seaside suburbs, connected to the great metropolis by the umbilical subway. Each boy tries to come to terms with awakening adolescent urges, and indulges in a certain amount of mild voyeurism to overcome his sexual curiosity. Each has a father at pains to conceal the extent of his struggle to keep the family going while dreaming of a better life, a mother who has suppressed her own romantic inclinations to fill the role of family arbitrator and manipulator, and a lonely aunt desperate for the sort of male companionship that can lead to a more lasting relationship.

The films have taken care over their period settings, recreating the background of life in the late 1930s and 40s with fanatical

regard for detail. Both skilfully blend warmth, comedy and nostalgia with fevered angst and a concern for contemporary social issues. But both mourn a past that still held a certain innocence: in the one case marked by a boy's obsession for an American radio hero, the Masked Avenger, and in the other by the eager, ritualistic scanning of the *National Geographic Magazine* colour photographs of bare-breasted African beauties.

Woody Allen's *Radio Days* (he wrote and directed but does not appear in it), is the sharper and more enjoyable of the two, but not because the storyline happens to be stronger. The narrative follows a rambling, anecdotal style, with a parade of small episodes and encounters.

But counterpointing the frenetic life in the cramped, shabby house in Rockaway are glimpses of an alternative existence, the glamorous, glittering Manhattanite whirl, a world of the Rainbow Room and the Stork Club, Park Avenue penthouses and shiny Packard limousines.

The link is radio, at that time the dominant feature of home life, frequently attacked, as television is now, for killing conversation and numbing the imagination. Woody has attempted to show the television generation just how dominant radio was in people's lives then, and how listeners, lacking direct visual references, projected their own fantasies.

At the beginning of the film two burglars are interrupted by the telephone, and stop what they are doing to answer name-that-tune quiz questions. The house owner finds his robbery losses mitigated the following day when a truckload of domestic appliances and other prizes arrives on his doorstep from the radio station.

The cast of *Radio Days* is huge, with many of the actors from earlier Woody Allen films making minor appearances, including Diane Keaton, who plays a nightclub singer. Dianne Wiest, who won an Oscar for her supporting role in *Hannah and her Sisters*, plays the man-seeking maiden aunt and Mia Farrow a dim but ambitious cigarette-girl who ends up as a gossip journalist. Seth Green is Joe, the 12-year-old central character, a Woody Allen in miniature.

The soundtrack is as meticulously crafted as some of the fondly-remembered radio shows, and apart from the reconstructed examples of old broadcasting techniques there are lavish helpings of foot-tapping music from

Benny Goodman, Tommy Dorsey, Artie Shaw, Glen Miller and other big-band legends. It is a slight film after Allen's last, and the retreat into comforting nostalgia seems to represent a pause in his output, a safe alcove from which to take stock.

Neil Simon's *Brighton Beach Memoirs* is the first of an autobiographical trilogy of stage plays (*Biloxi Blues* and *Broadway Bound* follow it) and his screen adaptation has been directed by Gene Saks. His youthful *alter ego*, Eugene, played by Jonathan Silverman, takes himself a little more seriously than the boy in the other film, and is already scribbling notes on the events enlarging his experience. Blythe Danner is his mother, who resorts to the device of sending him to Greenblatt's the grocers when the atmosphere in the crowded household becomes overheated. Judith Ivey is the widowed aunt on the hunt for a new husband.

While Simon's story is not without laughs it lacks the genial whimsicality of the Woody Allen film and as evocative a soundtrack. But it is the more serious of the two films, and tries hard to explore the subtleties of family existence and, in particular, sibling relationships.

OPERA

Don Juan in the Russian manner

BY MARGARET DAVIES

English National Opera's enterprising policy of staging little-known works by greater and lesser composers has uncovered nothing more uniquely fascinating than *The Stone Guest* by Alexander Dargomyzhsky. In the history of Russian opera his music is the link between Glinka and Mussorgsky, and his final opera, *The Stone Guest*, which was finished after his death by Cui and orchestrated by Rimsky-Korsakov, represented an attempt to create a new Russian idiom. Rejecting the structural conventions of Italian opera —arias, choruses and set pieces—he set words to music in a continuous flow of melodic declamation, respecting the patterns of speech but endowing them with rhythm and melody. "I want sound to express the word directly. I want truth," he wrote.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD COOPER

Graham Clark and Kathryn Harries as Don Juan and Donna Anna in Dargomyzhsky's opera *The Stone Guest* at the Coliseum.

He took as his libretto Pushkin's play based on the Don Juan legend, a source of inspiration to composers over three centuries, and adhered to it rigorously. He is said to have taken note of the way actors delivered the words. The resulting score, variously dismissed in reference books as a "historical curiosity" or "the most influential failure in the history of the lyric stage", is shown by the ENO production to comprise scenes which are as dramatically effective as others are weak, with an overall lack of musical variety.

Pushkin's version of the legend, not half as long as the libretto Da Ponte wrote for Mozart's opera, is a black drama which opens with Don Juan's return from exile after killing the Commander, who is Donna Anna's husband. The four short scenes are mainly concerned with Juan's pursuit of Anna, whose final admission of her love for him is interrupted by the intervention of the stone guest.

Elements of the supernatural introduced in Keith Warner's production, to which Nick Chelton's lighting makes a significant contribution, infuse the work with a dream-like quality, particularly suited to Pushkin's story. The tenor Graham Clark, vocally secure in the taxing role of Don Juan, portrays him as a frenetic libertine, while Kathryn Harries sings beautifully as the increasingly distressed Donna Anna. Sally Burgess makes the most of the

score's one departure from strict *arioso* as the vivacious Laura, one of Juan's past conquests. John Connell, as Leporello, seizes the rare opportunity to provide light relief and Neil Howlett is a stylish Don Carlos. The title role is sung with distinction by Anthony Cunningham. Paul Daniel is the persuasive conductor.

Last season's hugely successful production of *Orpheus in the Underworld*, back at the Coliseum for another run, has lost none of its high-kicking exuberance and has acquired some new routines, including a topical exit line for Public Opinion, portrayed by Sally Burgess as a Margaret Thatcher look-alike. Less apt is the quartet of saucy postcard fat ladies, echoing the style of Gerald Scarfe's gigantic pop-up figures which loom and leer over the stage. The cartoonist's brand of grotesque humour belongs to the 20th century but Offenbach survives the translation—and the relentless progression of visual jokes which have little to do with the music.

The singers respond bravely to the challenge, led by Lillian Watson as the provocative, crystal-voiced Eurydice. Terry Jenkins brings polished timing and a notable talent for comedy to the role of Orpheus. The gods, reveling in their distinctly human vices, are neatly characterized. The comic high spot of the show is again Bonaventura Bottone's tap-dancing Mercury.

A timely reappraisal of Victoria

BY ROBERT BLAKE

Victoria, Biography of a Queen

by Stanley Weintraub
Unwin Hyman, £17.50

The author, who is Professor of Humanistic Studies at Pennsylvania State University, has written a number of books largely about literary characters in late 19th- and early 20th-century British history. He quotes an anonymous writer as saying that a major historical figure "deserves reappraisal every 20 years". If the dictum is valid, Queen Victoria deserves such reappraisal, for it is 23 years since Elizabeth Longford's major work appeared. But is the dictum valid? There is nothing sacrosanct about the period. The need for reassessment depends on two things. One is the discovery or emergence of fresh material casting new light on the person concerned. The other is the extent to which the biographer is in a position to re-examine the historical framework in which the subject operated. A third possibility is the value of a short pen portrait, like Roy Jenkins on Baldwin, which can give a fresh perspective and save the reader time and expense.

Professor Weintraub's book is certainly readable and someone coming fresh to the subject will enjoy it. But one cannot say that it fulfils these criteria. It is very long. The sources which have emerged in the last two decades

are not of major importance, and they do no more than throw a few sidelights upon a life which is already fully documented. Some of these are interesting but peripheral rather than central. For example, the author feels it necessary to dwell somewhat on the sexual aspect of the Queen's very happy marriage. But it is well known now that as partners she and Prince Albert were admirably suited and thoroughly enjoyed making love. He adds nothing new to this aspect of her life, nor is it very important.

He gives a fuller account than hitherto of her relations with John Brown and the reaction both of the public and of ministers. This is largely based on a book published since Lady Longford's, *The Empress Brown* by Tom Cullen. It does not substantiate the more sensational rumours of the time. Professor Weintraub sensibly accepts that view and discounts them. It has never seemed very likely, despite the claim of the notorious courtesan "Skittles", whose favours were enjoyed by both Lord Hartington and the Prince of Wales, that John Brown was "the Queen's stallion", still less that they were secretly married and that there was a child. It is as well to have this sort of nonsense refuted. Professor Weintraub sums up the matter admirably.

"His legendary insolence was often only ignorance of appropriate behaviour. He seduced no women, accepted no bribes, lived for no one but the Queen."

Professor Weintraub is interesting about Prince Albert's death, usually attributed to typhoid. It seems likely—though not provable—that he had been suffering for some considerable time from cancer of the stomach. He was a very sick man when he was apprised of his eldest son's affair with an actress and reacted in a way that no father in normal health would have done. But the precise nature of his illness does not affect that issue. Ill people, whatever their malady, often cause pain and distress which they would never have inflicted had they been well.

An important aspect of Queen Victoria's career was her role as a constitutional monarch. On this aspect Professor Weintraub throws little light. He is not entirely conversant with the British system of government and the complicated nomenclature, pedigree, titles etc of those who operated it. Certainly the usages and style are not easy to understand, especially as they are so illogical. But these matters, though they should be got right (is it really true that Mr Heath was recently addressed on American television first as "Lord

Edward" and then "Sir Heath"?), are not crucial.

What is more important is the area in which Queen Victoria's role as a monarch was exercised, with diminishing but to the end considerable power in certain matters; this is worth some analysis. For example, how far was Bagehot right in his famous words about the right to encourage... etc? Was the constitutional role changing even as Bagehot wrote? Just what could the Queen do and what did she actually do in this penumbra of constitutional obscurity? She could still make important choices, as indeed the monarch can even today. It was not self-evident that she should have chosen Lord Salisbury as Prime Minister rather than Sir Stafford Northcote in 1885 or Lord Rosebery rather than Sir William Harcourt in 1894. She could have refused a requested dissolution of Parliament. She never did, but the possibility influenced political calculations.

Queen Victoria was not like anyone else and the author well brings out the strangeness of her personality, but a biography of a monarch needs a clearer analysis than he gives of the functions which she exercised. These surely are what really matter, and they need the eye of a political rather than a literary historian.

RECENT FICTION

People as threads of a vast web

BY IAN STEWART

The Radiant Way

by Margaret Drabble
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.95

After A Fashion

by Stanley Middleton
Hutchinson, £9.95

Nightshade

by Reg Gadney
Heinemann, £10.95

Margaret Drabble's panoramic novel *The Radiant Way* seems intended to encompass a cross-section of English society and to

show the impact on it of the social and political changes of the 1980s. But it chiefly keeps in view people of the middle and professional classes (the familiar Drabble territory) and is in fact centred on three women brought up in the north of England and educated at the same Cambridge college. Liz Headleand is a psychotherapist, Esther Breuer an art historian, while Alix Bowen teaches women prisoners. We first meet them in December, 1979 at a New Year's Eve party given by Liz and her husband Charles at their Harley Street home.

A party is rather too obvious an opening device given the author's synoptic purpose. Her representative types are quickly wheeled on—journalists, television moguls, publishers, poets, psychologists, politicians, civil servants. The fashions they have

adopted are rapidly surveyed: dark suits, pale blue shirts, ethnic dresses, slit skirts... "a hundred opinions, a hundred cross-currents, in this blond Georgian drawing-room". Liz learns from a gossip columnist of the affair Charles, a television mogul himself, is having with Lady Henrietta Latchett. But we can guess how she might cope with this—after 21 years of a marriage too hastily (and typically) embarked upon "battle and bloodshed and betrayal lay behind them". They now "slept peacefully in their separate rooms, and met at weekends over the marmalade".

Just as the great issues of the day like the steel strike, Afghanistan or the Annan Report are briefly noted as topics of the guests' conversation so, too, do ugly social problems take their place in the author's all-embracing synthesis—divorce,

violence, drugs, closures and redundancies. Alix Bowen's research unit and her prisoners' class are threatened with the axe, as is her worthy but dull husband Brian's Adult Education Institute. The account of Alix's parents, who had taught in a Yorkshire boarding school, shows the author classifying and pigeonholing at her most relentless. "They were now revealed as what they had always been, not figures of fun, not left-wing political extremists, not loony vegetarians (though they were vegetarians), but harmless, mild, Labour-voting, CND-supporting, Fabian pamphlet-reading intellectuals, of a species that Alix now knew to be far from extinct." Alix eventually escapes to a job in the north where Liz also goes to search through news cuttings for the truth about her father as a child molester.

While admiring the immense skill with which Margaret Drabble has constructed her social panorama, I do find this schematic novel somewhat lacking in real human interest. People are seen, as Alix herself is inclined to believe, simply as "threads of a vast web, a vast network, which was humanity itself". As it happens it is Alix's attachment to one of her prisoner-students that provides the book's most moving and disturbing development.

"Jilly Fox had been educated at an expensive boarding-school. She was doing time for several rather serious drug-related offences. She was having an affair with Toni Hutchinson of the blonde braids, who was the daughter of a pharmacist in Hendon. Jilly had passed her A level in English Literature the summer before, having notably failed to acquire any qualifications except a pass in O level Divinity at her expensive school: now she was hoping to qualify for a course at the Open University. Jilly Fox had once bleakly said to Alix Bowen on a bad evening that her release would be the death of her. Alix feared this might be true." Jilly's release was to prove a nightmare for Alix. It was considered unprofessional for staff to maintain personal relationships with former inmates outside the institution but she could not shake off this tragic misfit. Jilly's horrific death does nevertheless seem too obviously intended for cataloguing under "violence".

"The world creaked chaotically past him, a mixture of trivial duties or chores with a punishing incoherence of emotional strain." By the standards of Stanley Middleton, the severe precision of whose style is generally admired, that account in *After A Fashion* of the state of mind of a university lecturer who has taken up a new post after the break-up of his marriage constitutes a bold and elaborate flourish. Joe Harrington, in his early 30s and the author of a well-reviewed book on the pre-Romantics, has several affairs in his Midlands university, on the rebound from his divorce from Paulina, a successful actress. The second crisis in Harrington's life occurs when he falls in love with a colleague, Dr Helen Southwell. He suspects some permanent emotional damage to himself resulting from his divorce; she is afraid of losing a sense of her own identity in a permanent relationship.

Stanley Middleton explores the tensions experienced by these two sensitively and convincingly. Less convincing are the elaborations of his plot—the frustrated

wife of the local librarian who needs only a brief tempestuous fling with Harrington to set her on an even keel, the return visits that Paulina perversely pays to the man she had brutally deserted, the aging Professor Wainwright's pathetic infatuation with Helen. Economy of style has served this author's purpose well in his portraits of a middle-class, provincial milieu. But sometimes his mannered precision ("Morris looked affronted, bridling, knowing nothing. Harry was pleased to get out, walk for half an hour on the autumn rich campus") comes close to self-parody.

The secrecy of government was once an acceptable and enjoyable target for the mockery of popular satirists. Now that we take its abuses more seriously even the secrecy of secret services is questioned. The background to Reg Gadney's *Nightshade*, which paints a lurid picture of British intelligence at war with itself, is the imminent renegotiation of the Anglo-American intelligence alliance. The success of the negotiations is threatened by what the few surviving British agents serving in Madrid in the 1940s remember of their government's suppression of information concerning Japan's intention to attack Pearl Harbor. The repercussions of the investigation by SIS officer John Mahon into his father's death in Madrid, and of his affair with a superior's wife, are plotted in masterly fashion. *Nightshade* is a thrilling *tour de force*.

TOP CHOICE

Turner in his Time

by Andrew Wilton
Thames & Hudson, £25

Turner loved mystery. His contemporaries consequently found him a difficult man to get to know, and his biographers continue to be baffled by some of the contradictory information he gave out about himself. Nonetheless, he provided the key to the irony of his life when he said that "no one would believe, upon seeing my likeness, that I painted these pictures". Andrew Wilton, who is curator of the new Turner gallery, develops this central paradox in Turner's life and art to provide probably the best and most penetrating short account of the man and his work in this handsome and generously illustrated book, which deserves to become a classic.

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

HARDBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (3) **The First Eden: The Mediterranean World and Man** by David Attenborough
Collins, £12.95
- 2 (-) **The Fatal Shore** by Robert Hughes
Collins Harvill, £15
The origins of modern Australia.
- 3 (-) **Mediterranean Cookery** by Claudia Roden
BBC, £12.95
- 4 (1) **Little Wilson and Big God** by Anthony Burgess
Heinemann, £12.95
Self-indulgent but witty autobiography.
- 5 (5) **Rab: The Life of R. A. Butler** by Anthony Howard
Jonathan Cape, £15
- 6 (-) **1987 Michelin: France**
Michelin, £8.25
- 7 (-) **Molehunt: The Full Story of the Soviet Spy in MI5** by Nigel West
Weidenfeld & Nicolson, £10.95
The full story?
- 8 (-) **Where There's a Will** by Michael Heseltine
Hutchinson, £12.95
Unstuffy statements of political belief.
- 9 (9) **Catwatching** by Desmond Morris
Jonathan Cape, £4.95
- 10 (4) **Marilyn** by Gloria Steinem
Gollancz, £12.95

HARDBACK FICTION

- 1 (5) **The Enigma of Arrival** by V. S. Naipaul
Viking, £10.95
Leisurely, autobiographical novel.
- 2 (1) **Windmills of the Gods** by Sidney Sheldon
Collins, £10.95
Diplomat in Iron Curtain trouble.
- 3 (-) **Destiny** by Sally Beauman
Bantam Press, £10.95
Another blockbuster, over-hyped balloon of a book.
- 4 (10) **The Parson's Daughter** by Catherine Cookson
Heinemann, £10.95
Set in Victorian Durham.
- 5 (8) **No Enemy but Time** by Evelyn Anthony
Hutchinson, £9.95
Irish family saga.
- 6 (-) **Famous Last Words** by Timothy Findley
Macmillan, £9.95
Secrets of the Second World War found in a prison in the Austrian Alps.
- 7 (6) **Whirlwind** by James Clavell
Hodder & Stoughton, £12.95
Another of his gusty Asian sagas.
- 8 (-) **The Counterlife** by Philip Roth
Jonathan Cape £10.95
Masterly, introverted, analytical novel.
- 9 (4) **Autobiography of Henry VIII** by Margaret George
Macmillan, £11.95
Or how I put paid to six wives!
- 10 (-) **The Maid of Buttermere** by Melvyn Bragg
Hodder & Stoughton, £10.95
Deft mixture of fact and fiction.

PAPERBACK NON-FICTION

- 1 (2) **Castaway** by Lucy Irvine
Penguin, £2.95
- 2 (1) **Runaway** by Lucy Irvine
Penguin, £2.95
What the castaway did.
- 3 (-) **Fit for Life** by Harvey Diamond
Bantam Books, £3.50
- 4 (4) **Dancing in the Light** by Shirley MacLaine
Bantam, £3.50
- 5 (-) **84 Charing Cross Road** by Helene Hanff
Futura, £2.50
Sentimental and totally bookish.
- 6 (9) **The Highway Code**
HMSO, 60p
- 7 (3) **Is That It?** by Bob Geldof
Penguin, £3.95
- 8 (7) **Yeager** by Chuck Yeager
Arrow, £3.95
The first man to fly faster than sound.
- 9 (-) **The Holocaust** by Martin Gilbert
Fontana, £6.95
- 10 (-) **Just Williams** by Kenneth Williams
Fontana, £2.95
Witty book by a sad man.

PAPERBACK FICTION

- 1 (-) **A Perfect Spy** by John le Carré
Coronet, £3.50
Of its sort—a perfect book.
 - 2 (2) **The Bourne Supremacy** by Robert Ludlum
Grafton Books, £3.95
Violence in Hong Kong and China.
 - 3 (1) **Lake Wobegon Days** by Garrison Keillor
Faber & Faber, £3.50
Leads you gently into US small-town life.
 - 4 (8) **The Fourth Protocol** by Frederick Forsyth
Corgi, £2.95
Revolution comes to Britain.
 - 5 (-) **The Moth** by Catherine Cookson
Corgi, £2.95
Up to her best storytelling standards.
 - 6 (-) **An Artist of the Floating World** by Kazuo Ishiguro
Faber & Faber, £3.95
Beautifully judged novel about an elderly Japanese painter.
 - 7 (-) **A Dark Adapted Eye** by Barbara Vine
Penguin, £2.95
Ruth Rendell writing under another name; and writing as well as ever.
 - 8 (3) **The Name of the Rose** by Umberto Eco
Picador £3.95
Thriller set in medieval times.
 - 9 (-) **Hold the Dream** by Barbara Taylor Bradford
Grafton Books, £3.95
Used for the TV tie-in on Channel 4.
 - 10 (-) **What's Bred in the Bone** by Robertson Davies
Penguin, £3.95
The Grand Old Man of Canadian letters.
- Brackets show last month's position.
Information from Book Trust.
Comments by Martyn Goff.

A GRANDMOTHER'S GIFT

This edition of the *ILN*'s prize auction game comprises four objects coming up for sale in June at Bonhams: a painting by Helen Bradley, a Gallé vase, a painting by Alexander Rossi and a George III cruet set. Readers must match their estimates of the prices these may fetch with those of a panel drawn from the London salerooms taking part, Bonhams, Christie's and Phillips, and chaired by the *ILN*'s Editor.

Helen Bradley's scenes from her Lancashire childhood are like sweetened versions of L.S. Lowry's grittier townscapes. Bradley, who died in 1979, looked back on her Edwardian youth through rose-tinted spectacles. No doubt her nostalgia has added to her appeal in our own

nostalgic age. When Bonhams sold four of her paintings in March, one of them, *Going the Long Way Home* (shown below) fetched a record £9,000, and two others went for £8,000 and £7,000 respectively.

Part of the Bradley legend is that she started painting in her engagingly naive manner at the

age of 65, in order to show her grandchildren what life had been like as a child. Each painted incident was accompanied by an entertaining explanatory text.

In fact she had, after being taught at home, won a scholarship aged 12 to Oldham Art School. Her time there was, however, cut short by the outbreak of

the First World War, when she was obliged to help her father in his smallware business. Off she went with a horse and cart to sell pins, needles, polishes and so on in the vicinity of her village of Lees, now part of Oldham. She did not know her way to the first shop, but fortunately Gertie the horse did. She began to attend night school, but her father insisted she study jewelry and embroidery rather than painting and drawing.

Later she married Tom Bradley, a flower painter and textile designer. Living in Stanmore, Middlesex after the Second World War, she became enthusiastic successively about Persian, Turkish and Indian art, which she studied at the British Museum. Both the simplifications and the story-telling aspects of central Asian miniatures appealed to her. Later she was impressed in turn by the early Dutch masters and by the poetic aspects of Chinese painting.

So she was no innocent old grandmother when she began to translate her memories on to canvas, at first signing herself simply with a fly: perhaps a measure of her initial uncertainty about the value of her work.

With the encouragement of Lowry among others, her confidence grew, and before she died she used her talents as a storyteller to produce several illustrated books, which Jonathan Cape published. She died the day after she had been due to receive her MBE at Buckingham Palace.

£1,000 for Singapore reader
The April auction was won by Paul Dodds of Singapore. He will receive a £1,000 voucher from Bonhams for coming closest to the aggregate for the four items estimated by the *ILN* panel. The reader's estimate was £15,526, compared with the panel's total of £15,500, which was made up as follows:

A Bateman cartoon	£800
B Oriental rug	£1,200
C Dutch Old Master	£12,500
D Cycling trophy	£1,000



A Bradley oil painting
On Saturday Evenings Mother Sang by Helen Bradley, 1966, signed with a fly, oil on board, 51 x 61 cm. In a sale of Modern Pictures on June 18 at 11am. (Viewing June 15, 17, 9am-5pm, 16, 9am-7pm.) Bonhams estimate: £9,000-£12,000.



ILN AUCTION: WIN £1,000 BONHAMS VOUCHER



B Gallé cameo glass vase. Shouldered oviform vase, the glass overlaid with deep amethyst and caramel, etched and carved with iris blooms. Height 26cm. Cameo mark Gallé. In a sale of Decorative Arts on June 5 at 11am. (Viewing June 2, 5.30-7pm, 3, 4, 9am-5pm.) Bonhams estimate: £700-£1,000.

C Rossi oil painting. *News from the Front* by Alexander M. Rossi, signed and dated 1899. Oil on canvas, 101.5 x 152cm. In a sale of Fine 19th-century Continental and British Paintings and Watercolours on June 25 at 11am. (Viewing June 22, 24, 9am-5pm, 23, 9am-7pm.) Bonhams estimate: £5,000-£8,000.

HOW TO ENTER

The four items illustrated on this page are to come up for sale at Bonhams in London in June. Readers are invited to match their estimate of the prices the four items will fetch against those of a panel of experts chaired by the Editor of the *ILN*. The reader whose aggregate price most nearly matches that of the *ILN*'s panel will win a voucher worth £1,000 presented by Bonhams which can be redeemed at any Bonhams sale or sales in London during the next year. Winning vouchers are not transferable. In the event of more than one reader estimating the overall total the winner will be the one whose price on the painting by Helen Bradley, which the experts judged the most difficult of the

four items to estimate, most closely matches their price for that object.

Entries for the June competition must be on the coupon cut from this page and reach the *ILN* office not later than June 30, 1987. Entry is free and readers may make as many entries as they wish, but each entry must be on a separate form cut from the June, 1987 issue. No other form of entry is eligible. Members of the staff of the *ILN* and their families, the printers and others connected with the production of the magazine are ineligible.

The result of the June auction will be announced in the September issue of the *ILN*. Another prize auction will be featured next month, with items coming up for sale at Phillips.



D George III cruet set. A fine silver cruet set of three castors and two spice bottles. London, 1773, by Jabez and Thomas Daniel. Height 25cm. In a sale of Selected Silver and Plate on June 9 at 11am. (Viewing June 2, 5.30-7pm, 5, 9am-5pm, 8, 9am-4pm.) Bonhams estimate: £800-£1,200.



JUNE COMPETITION ENTRY FORM

All entries must be received in the *ILN* office by June 30, 1987.

Send the completed form to:

The Illustrated London News (June Auction)
20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF

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Alfa Romeo's ups & downs

Stuart Marshall examines their chequered history.

By normal accounting standards Alfa Romeo had been bust for years when the giant Fiat group took it under its wing last winter. It had lost more than £800 million in the previous decade. Its factories in the north and south of Italy were operating at half capacity or less. And its sales were flat in a booming market.

Ford had earlier shown an interest in acquiring the name of one of Europe's most charismatic car makers, with enough of the production facilities to make the takeover politically acceptable. But Fiat and IRI (the Italian state-owned holding company which had run Alfa Romeo for years) were an unbeatable combination. Ford negotiators withdrew and Alfa Romeo became part of the Fiat family.

What went wrong with Alfa Romeo? At one time its products were sought after by connoisseurs of sporting cars as eagerly as, say, BMW and Porsche are today. In recent years it has rarely seemed able to do anything right, starting with the introduction of the Alfasud family car in the early 1970s. That move put Alfa Romeo in competition with the giants of the automotive industry like Volkswagen and Fiat, Ford and General Motors. The Alfasud—so named because it was produced in a newly-built factory near Naples, in southern Italy—was not a bad car. It performed with rare exuberance in its day but it was not well made and, in northern European countries at any rate, suffered from severe corrosion problems.

Also, the rhythm of work in a car assembly plant did not come too easily to the natives of Pomigliano d'Arco, who built the factory and were then hired to make the cars.

While the Alfasud plant was sinking into state-supported near-bankruptcy, the Milan plant, where traditional Alfa Romeos were made, also had problems. Providing one overlooked the curious driving position and imprecise gearshifts, the Giuliettas, Alfettas and GTVs were entertaining to drive. But they were not reliable; they suffered in harsh winters; and their retained values were poor.

Alfa Romeo's bid for a slice of the prestige market with a big car called the Alfa Six was a disas-

trous failure; and the model 33 that succeeded the original Alfasud did not live up to expectations. A joint exercise with Japan's Nissan involving the use of an Alfasud engine and transmission in a Cherry body shell fared no better.

About a year ago Alfa Romeo introduced a new medium-sized saloon car, the 75, powered by a 1.8 litre four-cylinder engine or a 2.5 litre V6. These cars, plus a new 1.7 litre engined version of the model 33, are enabling Alfa Romeo to hang on while new cars are developed and introduced under the Fiat regime.

Clearly, there will have to be considerable use of Fiat and perhaps Lancia components in future Alfa Romeo cars. A new large car with front-wheel drive, the 164, powered by 2 litre four-cylinder and 3 litre V6 engines, will make its début at Frankfurt Show in September and will arrive in Britain in mid 1988. It appears improbable that the horizontally-opposed four-cylinder "boxermotor" introduced in the original Alfasud nearly 20 years ago will survive the Fiat takeover. It will see out the Alfasud's successor, the model 33, and will then be dropped, probably by the end of the 1980s or very early 1990s. By that time a Fiat-engineered successor will be ready for launching.

The 75 saloons which are Alfa Romeo's mainstay in Britain, are now probably the last of the rear-wheel-driven models. They have front mounted engines while the clutch and gearbox (a five-speed manual with no automatic option) are integrated with the

final drive at the rear. The front suspension is independent and at the rear a de Dion layout gives ride comfort while keeping the wheels vertical at all times for handling stability.

So far, I have driven the 75s only in Scotland. Starting from Lairg, I headed north on the A836. This single-track road with passing places would hardly rate as an unclassified lane in the populous south-east.

It is terrain on which road-holding, handling and braking, seat comfort and ease of control mean everything and where the claimed maximum speed of the 75 (119 mph for the 1.8 litre, 130 for the V6) is irrelevant. On this and other similar roads with their sharp corners, sudden descents and poor surfaces, the 75s were never less than reassuring. The ride is a little wriggly at first acquaintance and although Alfa Romeo engineers have done their best with the linkage, you know that the gearbox is a long way from the gear lever.

The harder one drives the 75s, the better they go. The engines are meant to run freely up to high revolutions and do so smoothly. Quite low overall gearing makes the cars flexible in traffic. Visibility over the fairly short bonnet is good. The relationship between seat and accelerator pedal was all wrong for a tall driver but Alfa Romeo says the fault has been corrected. Prices are quite reasonable at £9,800 for the 1.8 litre, £12,800 for the V6, and buyers get a three-year mechanical warranty and an unconditional six-year anti-corrosion warranty.



The Alfa Romeo 75, powered by a 2.5 litre V6, responds well to hard driving.

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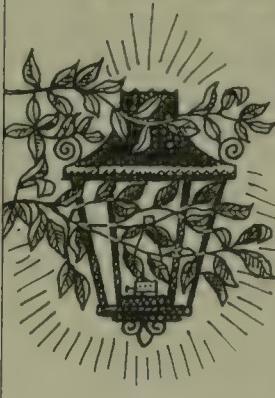
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HOTELS

A flourishing hybrid

BY HILARY RUBINSTEIN

When is a hotel not a hotel? The question arouses unexpected passion in some quarters, especially, for instance, among those who find themselves relegated to the status of guest-house by the AA, and are denied the benefit of an entry in their *Guide to Hotels and Restaurants*. The AA is less rigid than it used to be, but an important criterion for them remains whether an establishment serves meals to non-residents: doubtless of interest to motorists, but not perhaps of crucial significance. Meanwhile more and more places are opening up which do not fit traditional categories, but may be all the better for that.

These reflections were triggered by a visit to The White House in Glasgow. This admirable lodging lies in the centre of a classical Georgian crescent about a mile from the city centre. In its setting, it reminded me of the Royal Crescent in Bath; Cleveden Crescent is not on the same scale of grandeur as Bath's crescent, but the building has pedigree, having been built by John Burnet Senior, the man who designed Glasgow's imposing Stock Exchange.

The White House is a set of three adjoining terrace houses. There is nothing from the outside to say "hotel", but the building has 32 handsome suites at prices which compare extremely favourably with the tariff at the city's more conventional four-and five-star establishments.

Suites in hotels normally comprise a bedroom and drawing-room, but in The White House all the rooms have a separate fully-fitted kitchen. That does not mean that you have to cater for yourselves because the management also provides full room service—not just breakfast, served from 7am, but also an all-day service of meals to rooms (last orders 9.30pm). If you prefer to go out, the hotel lays on a courtesy car to two excellent downtown restaurants.

The rooms are all immodestly large by the standard of most hotels, and have a decent-sized dining table and chairs as well as easy chairs and sofas. There are also all the usual modern conveniences: remote-control colour television with teletext, direct-dial telephones and

trouser-press. Irons and ironing boards are available on request. The bathrooms, too, though lacking some of the balm and frills available in other luxury establishments, have all the essentials to comfort. Lighting in both bedrooms and bathrooms is exemplary.

Although the Great Western Road, one of the main city arteries, lies only 100 yards below the hotel, the rooms are blessedly free from noise. Flowers and a quarter bottle of champagne greet new guests on arrival. And most important of all: the staff are an exceptionally friendly lot. That was not just my experience; everyone who has ever written to me about The White House has commented on the relaxed affability of the service.

As you might expect, The White House is much used by business people, some for a single night and others for a protracted stay; one man, I was told, had lived there for the past three years. The hotel has no lounge or restaurant, but there is a well equipped conference room, with such niceties as air-conditioning and smoke purification.

Are there no flaws? The suite I occupied had one or two touches which belonged more to the 1950s than to the 1980s: an old-fashioned electric fire with illuminated bogus coal, for example, and 1950s taps in the bathroom. I rather liked those echoes of a previous era, but renovation is under way. The only flaw I detected was a smell of cooking which permeated some of the corridors in the evening. Perhaps that is an inescapable consequence of providing kitchens en-suite or perhaps extractor fans are called for.

What impressed me most was that the owners of The White House have thought carefully about varied visitors' needs in a city hotel. Elsewhere there are hotels and self-catering apartments, but The White House is a flourishing hybrid.

The White House, 11-13 Cleveden Crescent, Glasgow G12 0PA (041-339 9375), telex 777582. Suites from £48.50-£70; Fri-Sun £36.25-£52.50 (two days minimum). Breakfast from £4.50. Prices include VAT but not service.

Hilary Rubinstein is Editor of *The Good Hotel Guide*.

RESTAURANTS

Depriving Tante Claire of her plumes

BY KINGSLEY AMIS

They used to advise extreme caution in approaching a French restaurant in London, especially the sort that gives itself airs. They used to argue that the proprietors and chefs of such establishments are there only because they have failed to make the grade in Paris or even in a French provincial city, where the competition is much stiffer. And by golly they got it right all along the line.

Rather unhandily far from the centre for a restaurant of such metropolitan pretension, La Tante Claire (who she?) has the distinction of being the only one ever recommended to me in person by a world-famous expert on food and drink. I suppose it ought to have sounded a warning. A whole book could be written (I might even write it myself one of these days) about the way various arts and skills and techniques have in this century come to be practised not for the benefit of the customer, of the general public, but to appeal to colleagues and experts. Contemporary poetry is written to impress other poets or would-be poets, not to please the ordinary reader. Buildings and other public works are notoriously intended to strike a response from architects, not to be good to live or work in or even look at. And restaurant catering is designed less and less for those who simply want a good meal somewhere nice and more and more for food specialists of various kinds. And snobs, of course.

I was last chez la Tante Claire some years ago at a do organized by the German wine trade. A nobleman of vast stature, in fact the biggest count I have ever seen, introduced some of his country's wines to a group of food-and-drink writers and delivered a harangue on their merits as accompaniments to food. (He just made me long for a decent French red, but that is by the way.) Much, including the whole physical shape and layout of the premises, has changed since those days, but the tradition of serving bad pretentious food has been faithfully kept up.

If you happen to have the luck to get a seat on one of the pair of sofas at the back of the room you can have a pre-meal drink there, otherwise this must take place at the table. It must be said that the dining-room is an extremely pleasant place to eat, light, airy, uncrowded, its general style reminding one of us of the restaurant at some up-market furniture emporium of 30 years ago.

Our pre-meal drinks included a so-so Dry Martini, a tomato-juice served with vodka in error and a glass of Kir, my choice in deference to the prevailing Frenchness. The Kir, name after a mayor of Dijon, is a mixture of Cassis (blackcurrant liqueur) and (inferior) white Burgundy. I had forgotten what a sour, paltry little mix it was, or so it was on this occasion. There was nothing wrong with the condition or serving of the wines, which were not even much overpriced. To nobody's surprise or indignation the list was entirely French.

The menu, too, was French, also written in that language, and advanced-level into the



ANDY BYLOW

bargain. I suppose there must be some English people who like this affectation. The head waiter translated it all for us, not too fast and with perfect good humour, but after listening to 500 words or so of close culinary description one's powers of recall and choice, even of staying fully awake, are likely to be past their best.

The general level of starters rose as high as being patchy. The cold pâté de foie gras was as palatable as that dish normally gets; the *frivolités de mer*, a curious fish hors d'œuvre, was one of those dishes you have no particular objection to eating, but would never have ordered if you had known what you were going to get; the langoustines wrapped in pasta, though pleasant, would have been much tastier plain with a couple of slices of lemon. That was the good news. The hot pâté de foie overdid the grease; the pigeon salad needed a large spoonful of Branston pickle to revive it; the coquilles St Jacques, quite tasteless, came in a sauce that looked like Bovril but tasted like bland soy sauce.

Now main courses in telegraphese, all they were fit for: lobster—flabby, tasteless, dubious sauce; pig's trotter—sort of mince under

totally uncrisp skin, sweet greasy sauce; duck—quite edible in a way but unidentifiable as duck, greasy sauce; lamb—looked fine but completely tasteless; rabbit stuffed with langoustines—bizarre, unidentifiable as rabbit; Dover sole—tasted of what thin strips of leather may well taste of. It was failed designer food, the very antithesis of genuine French cooking that makes (or was still making when I was last there) marvellous dishes out of simple, left-alone materials.

Nothing bad lasts for ever, though admittedly it sometimes seems to be doing so. The last courses we sampled, the fruit, the sorbets, the cheese, were all good. The bread was good, the sensible large wine-glasses were good, the service was good, though the French are perhaps too independent-minded (putting it very politely) to make really top-notch waiters. But nearly everything else was so bad that we wondered once or twice where the stuff was actually prepared. And, as you see, it was ferociously expensive. Perhaps nobody would go if it were not.

Tante Claire, 68-69 Royal Hospital Road, London SW3 (352 6045). Mon-Fri 12.30-2pm, 7-11pm. About £80 for two.

LONDON RESTAURANT OF THE YEAR

The ILN is introducing a new award for restaurants. Readers are invited to nominate a London restaurant worthy of consideration by the judges, with a brief reason for their choice, on the attached form which should be sent to: The Illustrated London News (restaurant award), 20 Upper Ground, London SE1 9PF.

Name of restaurant.....

Nominated by.....

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WINE

Wizards of Oz

BY MICHAEL BROADBENT

Brian Croser is wine maker and managing director of Petaluma, a modern winery set amid fairly newly planted vines in the hills above Adelaide in South Australia. What is special about this man in his 40s is that he not only understands all there is to know about wine, but he puts theory into practice. He is an artist whose basic material is grapes but whose background is as solid as soil (or "dirt", as it is commonly called Down Under) and as elusive as the weather. He is—deservedly—a cult figure with an international following, as I realized when I visited the winery a couple of years ago at vintage time. There, clambering about the stainless-steel tanks, oblivious to the downpour—for the storage tanks, not topless of course, are all outside—were a team of apprentices or disciples which included the daughter of a proprietor in Beaujolais, a young man from the Napa Valley, one from the Rheingau and, to me



Petaluma is a modern winery set in the hills above Adelaide.

most surprising of all, a son of a leading Bordeaux second-growth château proprietor.

The French have long had a reputation for insularity in the matter of wine. I find it encouraging that a thoroughly French family are broadminded enough to encourage their offspring to

learn new techniques in an unfettered environment—one in which there are few inhibiting traditions and over-codified regulations. Aside from the stimulating exposure to new techniques they will surely learn another crucial lesson: that attractive, highly drinkable and reasonably priced wines of quality are made outside the classic regions of France and that, in order to continue to compete, the French must not sit on their laurels.

California has been making great strides with its wine since Steven Spurrier's highly publicized comparative tasting of California Cabernet Sauvignons and leading Bordeaux châteaux 10 years ago. The improvement in the quality of Australian wines has been as spectacular, but less well reported. Averys of Bristol were among the pioneer importers, with old-established wineries like Tyrrell's largely represented, but more Australian wines are heading towards Britain and finding a welcome, reasonably-priced, niche.

Rather surprisingly, in America Australian wines have become fashionable almost overnight. I think this is partly because Americans are fickle when it comes to fashions in wine, and, despite their materialism, are acutely conscious of value for money. To be charitable, they are perhaps more open-minded and receptive to new ideas, whereas in England my generation (now the older generation) still remembers what Australian wines used to be like.

I do find the nomenclature of

many Australian red wines too complicated. For example, claret-cum-burgundy style wines made with Cabernet Sauvignon grapes grown in Coonawarra (the "Bordeaux" of the southern hemisphere) blended with Syrah or Shiraz grapes from the Hunter Valley are all described on a label with the winery/brand name and possibly an esoteric bin number like 1023. But the wines are beautifully made and, with a little bottle age, excellent.

It is perhaps safer for the newcomer to Australian wines to start off with the whites. Outstanding Rieslings are made in the Barossa Valley, many quite indistinguishable from classic Auslese quality wines from the Rheingau—possibly because of the German ancestry of the wine people in that area of South Australia. Orlando, British-owned, is a name which immediately comes to mind. But undoubtedly the grape, the wine, is Chardonnay. I like Australian Chardonnays. They have a buttercup colour, rich waxy vanillin nose and oily/buttery taste that the old-fashioned California Chardonnay used to have before it started to ape Chablis. When I first visited Australia in 1977, Chardonnays were just starting to be successful. Max Lake, a surgeon-turned-wine maker, and Murray Tyrrell (both in the Hunter Valley) were pioneers. Tyrrell's VAT 47 is a classic; the 82 vintage is superb if you like full-style wine.

Brown Brothers' wines always come in a reasonable price range. Old father Brown is an indefatigable traveller and promoter, leaving his very able sons to grow and make the wine in north-east Victoria. Their Chardonnays are attractive, and a fraction of the price of good white Burgundy. Do not miss their dry Muscat either: it is a light, grapy-flavoured wine. Other names are Yalumba, very old-established, and McWilliams, both still family-owned; and Lindeman's, proving that size and quality can co-exist.

Returning to Brian Croser at Petaluma, his latest enterprise, a joint venture with Bollinger, is a sparkling wine which should be outstandingly interesting. The only criticism I have heard of Brian Croser's wines is that they are *too* perfect. But is this possible? ○

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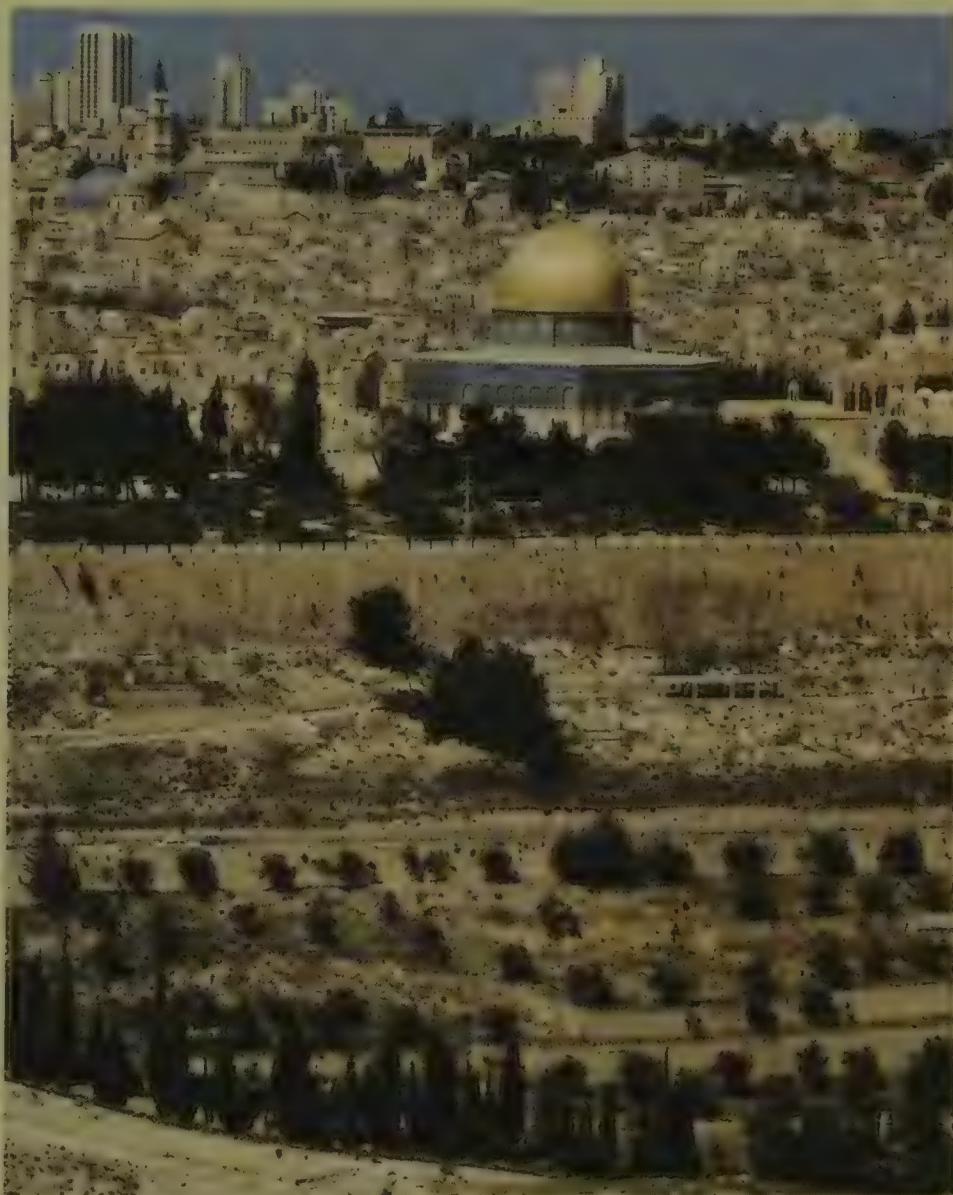
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- Church of the Annunciation at Nazareth.
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- Fortress at Masada.
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L I S T I N G S

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ILN ratings

- ★★Highly recommended
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THEATRE

Where applicable, a special telephone number is given for credit card bookings. The address & telephone number of each theatre are given only on the first occasion it appears in each section. Opening dates where given are first nights. Reduced price previews are usually held.

★The Amen Corner

James Baldwin's play set in a hot-gospelling negro church in Harlem is rather too long for its substance, but it does develop suspense. It is acted to the hilt by the Carib Theatre Company. Lyric, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 3686, cc).

★★Breaking the Code

Alan Turing, honoured for his part in breaking the enemy code Enigma, was a homosexual at a time when this was a criminal offence. Hugh Whitemore's play & Derek Jacobi's acting evoke remarkably the personality of a complex, uncompromising figure. Until June 13. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).
ILN TOP CHOICE DEC, 1986.

★Brighton Beach Memoirs

In Neil Simon's semi-autobiographical play Susan Engel & Dorothy Tutin are the Jewish sisters. Harry Towb & Steven Mackintosh are the gentle head of the household & his 15-year-old son. Aldwych, WC2 (836 6404, cc 741 9999).

Fats

Andrew Lloyd Webber uses T. S. Eliot's cat poems with craft as the basis of a musical. New London, Drury Lane, WC2 (405 0072, cc 404 4079).

★Chess

Spectacular show, by Tim Rice, Benny Andersson & Björn Ulvaeus, imaginatively directed by Trevor Nunn. Elaine Paige & Tommy Korberg sing with concentrated force. (Siobhan McCarthy replaces Miss Paige for Thurs matinée & Mon performances.) Prince Edward, Old Compton St, W1 (734 8951, cc 836 3464).

★Court in the Act!

This farce from the French is probably the fastest-moving piece in the West End. Its adapters, Braham Murray (who also directs) & Robert Cogo-Fawcett, give us a night of engaging nonsense; inventive performances by Michael Denison, Gabrielle Drake & Lee Montague, among others. Phoenix, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 2294, cc 741 9999).

★Every Man in His Humour

Ben Jonson's early comedy arrives comfortably at the Mermaid in a production of brisk complexity by John Caird. Pete Postlethwaite swaggers as Captain Bobadill, who knows in theory how 20 men



Mark Arden, Lionel Blair and Stephen Frost open in *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* at the Piccadilly on June 15.

can dispose of 40,000. Mermaid, Puddle Dock, EC4 (236 5568, cc).

★★The Fair Maid of the West

Trevor Nunn directs this lively conflation of two plays written by the Jacobean dramatist Thomas Heywood. Imelda Staunton is enchanting as the Plymouth barmaid who goes to the Barbary coast in search of her lover. Until July 4. Mermaid. REVIEWED MAY, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE APR, MAY, 1987.

★Hyde Park

James Shirley's comedy of manners from 1632, very topical in the year Hyde Park was opened to the public, now appears, rather distractingly, in 20th-century costume. Still, Barry Kyle directs with invention & performances by Fiona Shaw & John Carlisle have an exhilarating freshness. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

An Inspector Calls

Tom Baker plays the detective in this Theatr Clwyd production of Priestley's play. With Pauline Jameson & Peter Baldwin. Westminster, Palace St, SW1 (834 0283, cc 834 0048).

Jeeves Takes Charge

Edward Duke's one-man, 12-character comedy is based on the work of P. G. Wodehouse. Wyndhams, Charing Cross Rd, WC2 (836 3028, cc 379 6565).

Julius Caesar

A straightforward production by Terry Hands goes well except in the Forum

scene where Mark Antony (Nicholas Farrell) has to face an invisible crowd represented by recorded noises. But there is excellent playing by Roger Allam as Brutus; & welcome speed carries the play through without an interval. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwicks (0789 295623, cc).

★King Lear

Anthony Hopkins is a powerful Lear in David Hare's production, with Michael Bryant as Gloucester & Anna Massey as Goneril. Olivier. REVIEWED FEB, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE FEB, 1987.

★Kiss Me Kate

Paul Jones & Nichola McAuliffe are splendid as the strolling players performing *The Taming of the Shrew* at Baltimore. Old Vic, Waterloo Rd, SE1 (928 7616, cc 261 1821). REVIEWED APR, 1987.

★Les Liaisons Dangereuses

Christopher Hampton has devised from Choderlos de Laclos's epistolary novel a subtly sustained play. Jonathan Hyde & Eleanor David play the two late-18th-century aristocrats. Ambassadors, West St, WC2 (836 6111, cc 836 1171).

Macbeth

In Adrian Noble's revival, Jonathan Pryce is in the title role with Sinead Cusack as a striking Lady Macbeth. Barbican, EC2 (628 8795, 638 8891, cc).

★★The Magistrate

Nothing goes awry in Michael Rudman's production of Pinero's 19th-century

farce. Nigel Hawthorne is extremely funny as Aeneas Posket & Gemma Craven is perfect as the second wife. Until July 2. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEWED NOV, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE DEC, 1986.

★The Merchant of Venice

Bill Alexander's more or less straightforward production has Antony Sher as a racially revengeful Shylock &, for once, a really memorable Antonio (John Carlisle) at the heart of an uncompromisingly anti-Semitic background. Royal Shakespeare Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon.

★Les Misérables

This French-derived music-drama relies less upon its music than upon Victor Hugo's people & a spectacular RSC production by Trevor Nunn & John Caird. Palace, Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (434 0909, cc 379 6433).

The Mousetrap

Agatha Christie's thriller, now in its 35th year. St Martin's, West St, WC2 (836 1443, cc 379 6433).

The Mystery of Edwin Drood

Ernie Wise & Lulu head the cast in Rupert Holmes's musical, loosely based on Dickens's unfinished novel. Savoy, Strand, WC2 (836 8888, cc).

★The Phantom of the Opera

Andrew Lloyd Webber's musical depends largely upon theatrical effects in a production by Harold Prince. Michael Crawford is cast richly as the disfigured phantom of the catacombs. Her Majesty's, Haymarket, SW1 (839 2244, cc).

A Piece of My Mind

Though Peter Nichols has always been an ingenious writer, his fantastic comedy about a dramatist in the toils suffers from its lack of directness. George Cole & Anna Carteret cope loyally with a mixture of sketch & parody. Apollo, Shaftesbury Ave, W1 (437 2663, cc).

Richard II

Barry Kyle's beautifully staged revival, with Jeremy Irons progressively persuasive as the King. Until June 30. Barbican.

Romeo & Juliet

Niamh Cusack's Juliet has grown in assurance since Stratford, but there is no reason for a modern-dress production by Michael Bogdanov which fills Verona with

TOP CHOICE

THEATRE

Antony & Cleopatra

In this remarkable Shakespeare night, Anthony Hopkins & Judi Dench bring the tragedy to us untarnished in Peter Hall's production. Olivier, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc). REVIEW ON P72.

motor-vehicles & in general, is indifferently spoken: Robert Demeger's Friar is an exception. Barbican.

★Run for Your Wife

If Piccadilly Circus heaves regularly it is only the effect of the underground audience responding to Ray Cooney's storm-along farce. Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W1 (930 3216, cc 379 6565).

★Sarcophagus

This Russian play based on the Chernobyl disaster is a collector's piece. Vladimir Gubarev's documentary comes through affectingly in a translation by Michael Glenny & an RSC production by Jude Kelly. Until July 2. The Pit.

School for Wives

In spite of the vigour of David Ryall's Arnolphe & Julia Ford's Agnes, Di Trevis's production of Molière's tale of obsession does not make for a night of particular substance. Lyttelton. REVIEWED MAR, 1987.

★Six Characters in Search of an Author

Pirandello's uncanny meeting between reality & illusion on the stage of an Italian theatre is performed with imaginative craft under Michael Rudman's direction. Richard Pasco, Barbara Jefford & Lesley Sharp are excitingly right as three of the family who come from the darkness & into darkness go. Olivier.

A Small Family Business

New play written & directed by Alan Ayckbourn with Michael Gambon as an unusually honest businessman. Olivier.

Starlight Express

Andrew Lloyd Webber has written this cheerful fantasy, Trevor Nunn directs, & the cast wears roller-skates. Apollo Victoria, Wilton Rd, SW1 (828 8665, cc 630 6262). REVIEWED MAY, 1984.

★Three Men on a Horse

Geoffrey Hutchings is, hilariously, the writer of greetings-card verses who also has the gift of picking racing winners. A trio of gamblers hopes to capitalize on his hobby. Until June 27. Cottesloe.

Titus Andronicus

Brian Cox in Deborah Warner's revival of Shakespeare's bloodiest play. Swan, Stratford-upon-Avon.

★Tons of Money

Alan Ayckbourn's swift direction sustains the spirit of this "Aldwych" farce. Michael Gambon is the outrageous butler, Sprules. Until June 4. Lyttelton. REVIEWED DEC, 1986.

★★The Two Noble Kinsmen

Gerard Murphy & Hugh Quarshie lead the cast in Barry Kyle's uncommon restoration of this Shakespeare-Fletcher rarity. Until June 30. Mermaid.

★A View From the Bridge

Alan Ayckbourn has made an extremely good job of directing Arthur Miller's near-classic. He is especially fortunate in Michael Gambon as the Brooklyn longshoreman. Cottesloe.

★★Woman in Mind

In quality of invention & technical expertise Alan Ayckbourn's play transcends any in the West End. Ayckbourn directs & the cast is led by Pauline Collins & Michael Jayston. Until July 4. Vaudeville, Strand, WC2 (836 9987, cc 836 5645). REVIEWED OCT, 1986. ILN TOP CHOICE OCT, 1986.

FIRST NIGHTS

Bartholomew Fair

The Open Air Theatre season opens with Ben Jonson's play, commemorating the 350th anniversary of the author's death, with peripheral entertainers & sideshows adding to the fairground atmosphere. Opens June 1. Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, NW1 (486 2431, cc 379 6433).

Hamlet

Ingmar Bergman directs the Royal Dramatic Theatre from Stockholm in a Swedish version of Shakespeare's play. June 10-15. Lyttelton, National Theatre, South Bank, SE1 (928 2252, cc).

Melon

Alan Bates plays a publisher who suffers a breakdown in Simon Gray's play, deemed unsuitable for the easily-offended. Opens June 23. Theatre Royal, Haymarket, SW1 (930 9832, cc).

A Midsummer Night's Dream

New production of the perennial Open Air favourite, with the theatre's latest artistic director, Ian Talbot, as Bottom & Paul Shelley as Oberon. Opens June 17. Open Air Theatre.

Miss Julie

Just two performances of Ingmar Bergman's production from Stockholm. This version of Strindberg's play was seen at last year's Edinburgh Festival. June 17, 18. Lyttelton.

Rosencrantz & Guildenstern Are Dead

Mark Arden, Stephen Frost & Lionel Blair in Tom Stoppard's comedy, set in the wings of a production of *Hamlet*. Opens June 15. Piccadilly, Denman St, W1 (437 4506, cc 379 6565).

CINEMA

The following films are expected to be showing in London or on general release at some time during the month. Programmes often change at short notice. Consult a local or daily newspaper for exact location & times.

★Brighton Beach Memoirs (15)

Neil Simon's semi-autobiographical film explores the subtleties of family & sibling relationships. Opens May 29. Cannons Shaftesbury Ave, WC2 (836 8861, cc), Fulham Rd, SW10 (370 2636, cc 373 6990), Bayswater, 89 Bishops Bridge Rd, W2 (229 4149), Edgware Rd, W2 (723 5901). REVIEW ON P 72.

★A Chronicle of a Death Foretold (15)

Francesco Rosi's film, set in a timeless, remote South American community, begins with the stabbing to death of a young man by twin brothers, & then explains why. A wealthy stranger (Rupert Everett) decides to marry a local girl (Ornella Muti), but returns her to her parents on the wedding night when he discovers she is not a virgin. She names her seducer. Her brothers publicly vow to kill him & the tragedy becomes inevitable. Rosi's operatic plot maintains a high pitch. Opens June 19. Lumiere, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 0691, cc); Gate, Notting Hill Gate, W11 (727 4043).

TOP CHOICE

CINEMA

Radio Days (PG)

Woody Allen's new film, with Mia Farrow, Diane Keaton & Dianne Wiest, is a tribute to his childhood. Opens June 26. Odeon, Haymarket, SW1 (839 7697, cc). REVIEW ON P 72.

★Crimes of the Heart (15)

Director Bruce Beresford & writer Beth Henley are well served by Jessica Lange, Sissy Spacek & Diane Keaton as three disaster-prone sisters. REVIEWED MAY, 1987. Empire State (18)

A muddled script mars Ron Peck's exuberant drama about the effects of the Big Bang in London's Docklands, with double-crossing entrepreneurs mingling with dope-peddlers & rent boys. A pity, because the zest of the direction cleverly conceals the low-budget constraints. With Ray McAnally, Cathryn Harrison, & Martin Landau as an American businessman.

★52 Pick-up (18)

John Frankenheimer is more assured than of late in this conventional but effective blackmail story, from Elmore Leonard's novel, with Roy Scheider as a businessman in mid-life crisis using his most unscrupulous wiles & a loyal, tough wife, Ann-Margret, to defeat a murderous team of extortioners, led by John Glover.

Masques (not yet certified)

New thriller by Claude Chabrol, with Philippe Noiret as a television personality & Robin Renucci as a writer looking for a missing girl. Opens May 29. Cannons, Baker St, NW1 (935 9772), Premiere, Swiss Centre, Leicester Sq, W1 (439 4470).

★The Morning After (15)

Jane Fonda plays an alcoholic faded actress who, after a blackout, wakes up next to a murdered man & tries to remember if she did it. Jeff Bridges is a prematurely retired policeman sucked into her nightmare. Sidney Lumet's film shows two wounded people facing up to an enveloping miasma of evil. Opens June 5. Odeon, Leicester Sq, WC2 (930 6111, cc 839 1929).

★★Platoon (15)

Oliver Stone's skilfully-orchestrated Oscar-winner is the Vietnam film. REVIEWED APR, 1987. ILN TOP CHOICE APR, MAY, 1987.

Streets of Gold (15)

Klaus Maria Brandauer plays a Russian ex-boxing champion living in seedy exile in Brooklyn. He coaches two youths for an amateur tournament against his former country. The director, Joe Roth, treads an uncertain path between the standard boxing drama & the more stimulating theme of the stranger in a strange land. Opens June 12. Cannons, Panton St, SW1 (930 0631), Oxford St, W1 (636 0310).

★Tenue de soirée (18)

Bertrand Blier's film is an amoral but very funny story about love. Gérard

Depardieu plays an ex-convict who takes a bickering couple (Michel Blanc & Miou-Miou) on a robbing spree & then converts the husband to his own homosexual inclinations. REVIEWED MAY, 1987.

Three Amigos (PG)

Steve Martin, Chevy Chase & Martin Short are three Latin heroes of the silent cinema who are lured to Mexico & find themselves up against real banditos. Opens June 5. Leicester Square Theatre, WC2 (930 5252, cc 839 1759).

★The Whistle Blower (PG)

Michael Caine, uncovers a nest of worms at GCHQ, Cheltenham. Simon Langton's direction gives an edge to Julian Bond's modish screenplay which seems to touch sensitive areas. Opens May 29. Odeon, Haymarket, SW1 (839 7697, cc).

Certificates

U = unrestricted.

PG = passed for general exhibition but parents are advised that the film contains material that they might prefer younger children not to see.

15 = no admittance under 15 years.

18 = no admittance under 18 years.

MUSIC

ALBERT HALL

Kensington Gore, SW7 (589 8212, cc 589 9465).

Royal School of Church Music. A diamond jubilee service of thanksgiving & praise. Lionel Dakers conducts a choir of 800 voices, with Martin How, organ. The organists Gillian Weir & Gerre Hancock will also take part. June 25, 7pm.

HARDBICAN HALL

Silk St, EC2 (638 8891, 628 8795, cc).

London Symphony Orchestra. Concluding the great Russian masterpieces series, John Mauceri conducts Rimsky-Korsakov & Stravinsky, June 4, 7.45pm; Rachmaninov & Prokofiev, June 7, 7.30pm. Maxim Shostakovich conducts his father's Cello Concerto No 2 & Symphony No 13. June 14, 7.30pm.

The Gershwin Years. To mark the 50th anniversary of the composer's death, the London Symphony Orchestra, under the artistic direction of the American conductor Michael Tilson Thomas, explore different facets of Gershwin's career, alongside music by his European contemporaries. June 21, 28, July 5, 7.30pm. June 25, July 2, 7.45pm.

Concertgebouw Orchestra. Leonard Bernstein conducts symphonies by Schubert & Mahler. June 28, 3.30pm.

Chelsea Opera Group. Concert performance in English of *Boris Godunov*, with Richard Van Allan as Boris. June 29, 7.15pm.

CATHEDRAL CLASSICS

Tickets: Keith Prowse agencies (cc 741 8989).

London Festival Orchestra. Two of a series of choral concerts held in the cathedrals & abbeys of Britain: Harry Bramma directs Boccherini, Albinoni, Weber, Schubert. Southwark Cathedral. June 2, 7.30pm; Simon Preston directs Vivaldi, Copland, Handel. Westminster Abbey. June 9, 7.30pm.

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MUSIC cont

FESTIVAL HALL

South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Nathan Milstein, violin, **Georges Pludermacher**, piano. Bach, Beethoven & Milstein arrangements of Liszt, Prokofiev, Tchaikovsky. June 8, 7.30pm.

Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Pinchas Zukerman, conductor/violin, & Shlomo Mintz, violin/viola, perform Bach's Double Violin Concerto & Mozart's Sinfonia Concertante for violin & viola. June 9, 7.30pm.

Philharmonia Orchestra. Colin Davis conducts Brahms & Vaughan Williams, with Radu Lupu, piano, June 11, 7.30pm; Mozart's Coronation Mass & Fauré's Requiem, June 14, 7.30pm.

Pinchas Zukerman, violin, **Marc Neikrug**, piano. Sonatas by Mozart, Brahms, Prokofiev. June 14, 3.15pm.

The André Previn Selection. Two weeks of music, theatre & dance during which Previn conducts the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra in three concerts. Turangalila Symphony by Messiaen, June 21; two programmes with Anne-Sophie Mutter, violin; June 23, 24, 7.30pm.

Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano, plays Schubert & Schumann. June 25, 7.30pm.

GREENWICH FESTIVAL

Box office: 25 Woolwich New Rd, SE1 (317 8687, cc 855 5900).

The musical content of this year's festival includes a concert by the English Chamber Orchestra Wind & Brass Ensemble, given in the chapel of the Royal Naval College; Diana Burrell as the featured composer; celebrations of the anniversaries of Geminiani & Villa Lobos; performances by Indian & Yugoslavian musicians & by the Ural Cossacks; & DIY opera for children. May 29-June 14.

KENWOOD LAKESIDE CONCERTS

Hampstead Lane, NW3. Box office: South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Grimethorpe Colliery, GUS, & Brighouse & Rastrick Bands. June 6, 8pm. **Royal Philharmonic Orchestra**. Bruch & Tchaikovsky. June 13, 8pm.

Wren Orchestra of London. Smetana, Beethoven & Dvořák. June 20, 8pm.

London Mozart Players. Vienne night, with Robert Tear. June 27, 8pm.

LUFTHANSA FESTIVAL OF BAROQUE MUSIC

St James's, Piccadilly, W1 (434 4003).

Baroque music is performed on period instruments by the flautist Wilbert Hazelzet, the harpsichordist Bob van Asperen, Musica Antiqua, Köln & the Parley of Instruments. June 18-28.

ST JOHN'S

Smith Sq, SW1 (222 1061, cc).

Elizabeth Vaughan, soprano, **Gayle Light**, piano. Songs by Purcell, Handel, Mozart, Verdi, Puccini. June 4, 7.30pm.

Badinage play an all-Vivaldi programme, directed from the violin by Monica Huggett. June 13, 7.30pm.

English Baroque Choir & Players. Monteverdi's Vespers of the Blessed Virgin, 1610, conducted by Leon Lovett. June 14, 7.30pm.

TOP CHOICE

MUSIC

The Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, under Herbert von Karajan, their Principal Conductor for Life, play Brahms's Symphonies No 4 & No 2, as part of the Festival of German Arts. June 10, 7.30pm. Festival Hall, South Bank Centre, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

SPITALFIELDS FESTIVAL

Christ Church, Commercial St, E1 (0483 575274).

Voices is the title given to this year's festival, which opens with a Mozart concert and ends with Gluck's *Iphigénie en Aulide* (concert perf.). June 2-24.

WIGMORE HALL

36 Wigmore St, W1 (935 2141, cc).

Franz Schubert Quartet of Vienna. Two programmes of Mozart, Schubert & Beethoven. June 2, 6, 7.30pm.

Mieczysław Horszowski. A 95th birthday recital devoted to Bach/Liszt, Beethoven, Schumann, Chopin by the pianist who made his début in 1902. June 11, 7.30pm.

Robert Cohen, cello, **Peter Donohoe**, piano. Sonatas by Prokofiev, Shostakovich, Rachmaninov. June 16, 7.30pm.

John Ogdon, piano. Schubert, Beethoven, Brahms. June 23, 7.30pm.

OPERA

ALMEIDA INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL OF CONTEMPORARY MUSIC

Almeida Theatre, Almeida St, N1 (359 4404).

Jacob Lenz. Wolfgang Rihm's opera about the poet & dramatist who died in poverty on a Moscow street. June 3, 5, 7.

ENGLISH NATIONAL OPERA

London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

Lady Macbeth of Mtsensk. Josephine Barstow sings the title role in Shostakovich's opera about a woman driven to double murder by her love for one of her husband's workmen. Produced by David Pountney, conducted by Mark Elder. June 2, 5, 10, 13, 17, 23, 26.

Carmen. Jean Rigby & Arthur Davies take over as Carmen & Don José in David Pountney's gimmicky, up-dated production set in a car-breakers' dump. June 3, 6, 9, 12, 16, 19, 24, 27.

★Orpheus in the Underworld. ENO's hit production returns with Terry Jenkins as Orpheus, Lesley Garrett as Euridice. June 4, 8, 11, 15, 18, 20, 22, 25. REVIEW ON P73.

GLYNDEBOURNE FESTIVAL OPERA

Glyndebourne, Lewes, E Sussex (0273 541111). Until Aug 22.

La traviata. The second Verdi opera to be produced by Peter Hall & conducted by Bernard Haitink, with Marie McLaughlin as Violetta & Walter MacNeil as Alfredo. June 1, 4, 7, 11, 14, 17, 20, 23, 26, 29.

★Carmen. Maria Ewing & Mariana Cioromila share the title role in Peter

Hall's production, with Barry McCauley as Don José & Gino Quilico as Escamillo. June 2, 6, 9, 13, 15, 18, 21, 25, 28.

Così fan tutte. Lother Zagrosek conducts this revival, with Gabriele Fontano & Isobel Buchanan, Frank Lopardo & Dale Duesing. June 12, 16, 19, 24, 27, 30.

LONDON INTERNATIONAL OPERA FESTIVAL

St Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Sq, WC2. Box office: Rose Walker, Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1 (928 8501).

La Rappresentazione di anima e di corpo, by Cavalieri. Directed by Nicholas Till for Morley Opera. May 30, June 1. Donmar Warehouse Theatre, Earls Court, WC2 (240 8230, cc 379 6565).

Triple bill presented by Endymion Music Theatre, consisting of Birtwistle's *Down by the Greenwood Side*, Monteverdi's *Combat of Tancred & Clorinda* & the world première of Michael Nyman's *Wide Brims, Narrow Minds*. June 3-6.

ROYAL OPERA

Covent Garden, WC2 (240 1066/1911, cc).

Manon. Jeffrey Tate conducts a new production by Rudolf Noelte, with Julia Migenes as Manon & Neil Shicoff as des Grieux. June 2 (gala), 8 & 13 (Proms), 18, 23, 26. SEE HIGHLIGHTS p6.

★La Bohème. Plácido Domingo sings Rudolfo at the first three performances, David Rendall takes over for the remainder, Ilona Tokody & Cynthia Haymon share the role of Mimi, Thomas Allen & J. Patrick Raftery share Marcello. June 6, 9 & 12 (Proms), 15, 17, 20, 24, 29.

Il barbiere di Siviglia. Leo Nucci, Lucia Valentini-Terrani & Paata Burchuladze sing Figaro, Rosina & Don Basilio, all for the first time at Covent Garden. June 11 (Prom), 16, 19, 22, 25, 27.

BALLET

★LES GRANDS BALLOTS CANADIENS Sadler's Wells, Rosebery Ave, EC1 (278 8916, cc).

Three programmes, including ballets by Balanchine, Paul Taylor, Antony Tudor & new works by Canadian choreographers, James Kudelka, Ginette Laurin & Linda Rabin. June 9-20.

HEIDELBERG DANCE THEATRE

Jacob Street Studios, Mill St, SE1 (379 6433).

TOP CHOICE

BALLET

Alice, performed by the National Ballet of Canada. This is Glen Tetley's exploration of the relationship between Lewis Carroll & Alice, seen through the eyes of the adult Alice Hargreaves looking back at her younger self. The Child Alice is danced by Kimberly Glasco who is on stage for the whole hour of the ballet's duration. London Coliseum, St Martin's Lane, WC2 (836 3161, cc 240 5258). June 30-July 4.

Sylvia Plath, presented by Johann Kresnik's company. June 16-21.

THE LINDSAY KEMP COMPANY

Sadler's Wells.

A Midsummer Night's Dream—a high-camp version. June 23-30.

Flowers, based on Genet's *Our Lady of the Flowers*. July 2-6.

The Big Parade, Kemp's vision of Hollywood in the silent-movie era. July 8-11.

★LONDON CONTEMPORARY DANCE THEATRE

Queen Elizabeth Hall, South Bank, SE1 (928 3191, cc 928 8800).

Triple bill, as part of the André Previn Selection: première of Robert North's *Fabrications*, music Simon Rogers, designs by fashion designer Elizabeth Emanuel; Robert Cohan's *Video-Life*.



Blues by William Scott at Gimpel Fils Gallery.

music Barry Guy, designs Norberto Chiesa; Cohan's modern classic *Class*, music Jon Keliehor. June 30-July 4.

★SECOND STRIDE & MAN JUMPING Bloomsbury Theatre, Gordon St, WC1 (387 9629, cc).

Weighing the Heart, world première of new work by Ian Spink to music by Orlando Gough. June 9-13.

GALLERIES

THOMAS AGNEW

43 Old Bond St, W1 (629 6176).

British Painting of Three Centuries. This excellent show demonstrates the durability of what might be described as "Doveen taste"—though in fact Doveen & the house of Agnew were rivals. The exhibition contains portraits by Van Dyck, Reynolds & Lawrence—all Doveen favourites. A newcomer to the pantheon is Joseph Wright of Derby who has suddenly ceased to be regarded as a minor artist by the art establishment. June 2-July 4, Mon-Fri 9.30am-5.30pm, Thurs until 6pm.

ANDERSON Q'DAY

255 Portobello Rd, W11 (969 8085).

Paul Sibisi. First showing in London for a gifted Zulu draughtsman & printmaker from Durban. His work contains a strong element of social commentary. June 3-July 4. Tues-Sat 10am-5.30pm.

BARBICAN

EC2 (638 4141).

Ansel Adams. The epic poet of landscape

photography, whose extraordinary control over his medium has recently been recognized by record prices in the auction room. This is the first major European retrospective since the photographer's death. Until July 19.

A Paradise Lost: The Neo-Romantic Imagination in British Art.

The Neo-Romantic phase in British 20th-century painting got rather short shrift in the Royal Academy's recent block-buster survey. This show casts its net widely—bringing in photography & films in addition to painting—and should do something to right the injustice. Until July 19.

Tues-Sat 10am-6.45pm, Sun noon-5.45pm.

DORCHESTER HOTEL

Park Lane, W1 (information: 734 5491).

International Ceramics Fair &

in the development of the Berlin branch of the Dada movement. After a close association with Raoul Hausmann, she later worked with Arp & Schwitters, then developed close links with De Stijl in Holland. This compact show gives some idea of the range of her talents. Until June 20. Mon-Thurs noon-8pm, Fri noon-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

GROSVENOR HOUSE HOTEL

Park Lane, W1 (0799 26699).

Grosvenor House Antiques Fair. The usual mass of glittering goodies for conspicuous consumers. The emphasis in the special displays is on work by the Royal School of Needlework. The coronation robe used in 1953 will be shown, together with a saddle which is believed to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth I. June 10-20; June 10, 5-8pm, June 11, 12, 15-19 11am-8pm, June 13, 14 & 20 11am-6pm. Admission £8; no children under five.

CHRISTOPHER HULL GALLERY

17 Motcomb St, SW1 (235 0500).

Graham Sutherland. This attractive gathering of works on paper, drawn from an anonymous private collection & never shown previously, puts Sutherland in a more flattering light than usual. Until June 30. Mon-Fri 10am-6pm, Sat 10am-1pm.

MATTHIESSEN FINE ART

7/8 Mason's Yard, Duke St, SW1 (930 2437).

Adolph Hiremy Hirschl. More conservative & academic than his contemporaries in Vienna, Klimt & Schiele, Hiremy Hirschl was in danger of being forgotten. He has recently been rescued by the revival of interest in late-19th-century Salon art. Within his chosen limits he was an exceptionally gifted draughtsman & this exhibition is likely to be something of a revelation. June 11-July 31. Mon-Fri 10am-5.30pm.

NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY

St Martin's Pl, WC2 (930 1552).

John Player Portrait Award. Previous winners of this well-meant prize, designed to encourage young portrait artists, have alas been mediocre. Will the judges & contestants surprise us this time? ➤➤

TOP CHOICE

GALLERIES

219th Summer Exhibition.

The Royal Academy summer show is like one of those patients who are perpetually on the mend without ever recovering full health. Last year's was perhaps a little better than the one two years ago. This year's may be a little better still, but do not expect an array of masterpieces—the show now favours talent but remains hostile to genius. Edward Lucie-Smith will review in the July issue. Royal Academy of Arts, Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052). June 6-Aug 23. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.60, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.75, children over 11 £1.30, under 11 £1.

GALLERIES cont

Award June 2, exhibition June 3-Aug 31. Mon-Fri 10am-5pm, Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS
Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Byzantium to El Greco. This exhibition ranges from a superb, Christ Pantocrator of the 14th century to an early El Greco—a signed work, only recently discovered. Until June 21.

Jewels of the Ancients: A Selection from the Jill Sackler Collection of Ancient Near Eastern Jewelry. The collection ranges from a Scythian necklace with boar's head terminals, to Hellenistic funeral wreaths. Until June 28. Daily 10am-6pm. £2.50, concessions & everybody Sun until 1.45pm £1.70 children £1.25.

TATE GALLERY

Millbank, SW1 (821 1313).

Winifred Nicholson (1893-1981): Paintings & Gouaches 1921-81. A major retrospective supported by archive material. It illustrates Winifred Nicholson's great exploration of colour which she believed to be more important in painting than form. June 3-Aug 2.

Mark Rothko (1903-70). Major retrospective containing 100 works in oil, acrylic & watercolours, from the 1920s & ending with the picture Rothko was working on when he died. June 17-Aug 31. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P8. Mon-Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2-5pm.

MUSEUMS

BETHNAL GREEN MUSEUM OF CHILDHOOD

Cambridge Heath Rd, E2 (980 2415).

Judaica from the Victoria & Albert Museum. As part of the Jewish East End Celebration the V & A's East End museum is displaying "judaica"—items used by Jews for a religious purpose. There are silver & bronze Hanukkah lamps used in the midwinter Festival of Lights, marriage rings, domestic objects used during the Sabbath & Passover, richly-embroidered hangings for the Ark from the 17th to 18th centuries, & clothing from various countries. Until July 5. Mon-Thurs & Sat 10am-5.50pm, Sun 2.30-5.50pm. Voluntary donation. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P12.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555).

Drawing in England From Hilliard to Hogarth. This show examines the development of a distinctive British style of drawing. Works by influential foreign

painters such as Rubens & Van Dyck are included. Pictured below is Hilliard's drawing of a Queen and her son in pen and ink on black lead. June 18-Aug 31.



Wonders of Creation. 70 studies of birds, animals, plants & fish from oriental & western mss & books, 11th to 19th centuries. Until July 5.

Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

MUSEUM OF LONDON

London Wall, EC2 (600 3699).

Londoners: The Way We Were. A social history of the capital in paintings, drawings & prints from the 13th to 20th centuries. Until Aug 2. Tues-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 2-6pm. ILN TOP CHOICE APR, 1987.

MUSEUM OF THE ORDER OF ST JOHN

St John's Gate, St John's Lane, EC1 (253 6644).

Centenary Exhibition. A history of the Order from its revival in 1887, captured in films, photographs & First World War scrapbooks; medals & medical equipment also displayed. The show takes place in the Grand Priory Church which is itself well worth a visit & has a Norman crypt. June 13-Aug 28. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm (closed June 20, open July 12).

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM

Cromwell Rd, SW7 (589 6323).

John Gould—Bird Man (1804-81). The ornithologist Gould was responsible for introducing the budgerigar to England. He produced 3,000 lithographs of birds from every continent except Africa. Here is a chance to see his original publications. Until Sept 27.

Introducing Genetics. This addition to the Origin of Species gallery looks at everything Charles Darwin did not know about genetics. It examines the way in which scientists are now able to alter living organisms by genetic engineering. Mon-Sat 10am-6pm, Sun 1-6pm. £2, concessions £1. Free Mon-Fri 4.30-6pm.

THEATRE MUSEUM

Russell St, WC2 (836 7891).

The Victoria & Albert Museum's collection of theatrical left-overs are now on permanent display in Covent Garden: everything from prompt books to memorabilia from the circus. Tues-Sun 11am-7pm; café & wine bar Tues-Sat 11am-8pm, Sun 11am-7pm. £2.25, concessions £1.25. ILN TOP CHOICE MAY, 1987.

LECTURES

NATIONAL THEATRE

South Bank, SE1 (928 2033).

Rosmersholm, given by Prof Worth of Royal Holloway & Bedford New College. Cottesloe, June 4, 6pm. £2.

Seamus Heaney reads from his new book of poetry, *The Haw Lantern*, to be published by Faber & Faber on June 22. Cottesloe, June 26, 6pm. £2.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS

Piccadilly, W1 (734 9052).

Byzantium to El Greco lecture series, to coincide with the exhibition (see Galleries). *Byzantine Icons of the 13th century* by Prof D. Mouriki, June 5; *16th-century painters of the Cretan school* by Prof P. Vocopoulos, June 12; *Byzantium & the classical tradition* by Prof R. Browning, June 19. All at the British Academy, Allsop Pl, NW1, at 5.30pm.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF ARTS

John Adam St, WC2 (930 5115).

June lectures. *Introducing the twilight ethics of Australian painting in the 19th century* by Jonathan Watkins, June 3; *Our heritage of stained glass & its care in the 20th century* by Peter Gibson of York Glaziers' Trust, June 10. Both at 6pm. Tickets free from Joanna Smith.

SOUTH BANK CENTRE

SE1 (928 3002).

Le Corbusier lecture series. *Le Modulor* given by Joseph Rykwert. June 2.

Angus McBean discusses his career in photography. June 8.

Both in the Purcell Room, 6pm. £1.50, concessions 50p.

SALEROOMS

Prices quoted are saleroom estimates.

BONHAMS

Montpelier St, SW7 (584 9161).

Modern Pictures. Helen Bradley took up painting late in life to show her grandchildren what her life had been like. She died in the 1970s & now her talents are being recognized. Among three works on offer here is *On Saturday Evenings Mother Sang*, an interior showing the artist, who grew up near Oldham, Manchester, & her family (£9,000-£12,000). Other works by Ruskin Spear & Carel Weight. June 18, 11am.

CHRISTIE'S

8 King St, St James's, SW1 (839 9060).

Aids sale. Donations from the famous should make this a bumper auction. Entrance by catalogue only (£25). June 1, reception 6.30pm, sale 8.30pm. Profits to the Aids Crisis Trust.

Modern British Pictures. Sir Stanley Spencer's *The Coming of the Wise Men*, 1940, is expected to fetch £30,000-£40,000. Other major works include a portrait of a young girl by Lucian Freud (£15,000-£20,000), *Mornington Crescent Nude* by Sickert (£15,000-£18,000) & a portrait of Lytton Strachey by Vanessa Bell (£12,000-£18,000). Contemporary artists represented include Basil Beattie, John Copnall & Anthony Green. June 12, 11am.

French Furniture & Sculpture. Another gem from Knole Park, a Boule

bureau, c 1710, with a rich inlay of brass, mother-of-pearl & horn, is expected to fetch over £500,000. Other pieces include a secretaire by Weisweiler, a commode by Dester & an ormolu fire grate by Thomire, 1788. Major attraction of the sculpture is a gilt bronze statuette of Mars by Giambologna (1529-1608), the most important work by him ever to turn up at auction (over £500,000). June 17 & 18, 7pm & 11am respectively.

Impressionist & Modern Works of Art. Christie's are to sell another van

Gogh—*Le Pont de Trinquetaille*. They expect it to become the second most expensive picture sold at auction exceeding the £7.7 million paid there for Manet's *La Rue Mosnier aux Pavés* in December, 1986. The recently sold *Sunflowers* fetched £24,750,000. From the Kramarsky family collection, this picture has been on loan to the Metropolitan Museum, New York, for the last three years. On show from June 23. Sale, June 29, 6.30pm.

CHRISTIE'S SOUTH KENSINGTON

85 Old Brompton Rd, SW7 (581 7611).



Tribal Art. A Fijian wooden club, carved with figures of men, birds & sea creatures with whale-ivory inlay, should realize £5,000-£8,000. A rare group of sail-making needles made from human thigh bones should fetch £400-£600. From North America there is a Naskapi buckskin coat (£8,000-£12,000) & from Africa two elaborate ivories carved before 1800 one, a cup from Owo, above, (£40,000-£60,000), the other a bracelet from Ijebu Ode (£10,000-£15,000). June 29, 2pm.

PHILLIPS

7 Blenheim St, W1 (629 6602).

British Paintings. Three works stand out: Robert Dodd's *The Justinian* (£25,000-£40,000), a portrait of a chestnut hunter before Windsor Castle by Edmund Bristow (£10,000-£15,000) & a coursing scene by Samuel Alken (£15,000-£20,000). June 9, 11am.

Sporting Items. More than 500 lots of

TOP CHOICE

MUSEUMS

Ceramic Art of the Italian Renaissance.

A spectacular show of richly-coloured, earthenware—majolica—from 15th- & 16th-century Italy. British Museum, Great Russell St, WC1 (636 1555). Until Sept 20. Mon-Sat 10am-5pm, Sun 2.30-6pm.

cricket & other sporting items to coincide with the first Lord's Test of 1987: pottery, books, letters, paintings & sporting equipment, including a complete set of *Wisden Cricketers' Almanack* (£8,000). A portrait of W. G. Grace, 1905, by Henry Scott Tuke should fetch £2,000-£3,000. June 17, noon.

Art Nouveau. Three stained-glass panels designed by Dante Gabriel Rossetti & made in 1861 by Morris & Co should fetch £15,000-£20,000 the set. Other lots of bronze, Gallé glass, Lalique & jewelry. June 18, 11am.

SOTHEBY'S

34/35 New Bond St, W1 (493 8080).

Wine, Spirits, Vintage Port & Cigars. A collection of Château Lafites from a cellar in the West Country ranges over a century, including 1874 (£800-£1,200 a bottle), 1877 (£250-£500 a bottle) & 1899 (£600-£900 a bottle). 1948 & 1952 are estimated at £50-£70. Rare Tokaji is also on offer, 1906 onwards. June 3, 10.30am & 2pm. Tasting before the sale at 9.45am.

Japanese Works of Art. Highlight is a baku—a mythical beast, part elephant, part lion—which should fetch £50,000, a record price at auction for a netsuke. Other lots of Inro, enamels & lacquer boxes. June 17 & 18, 10.30am & 2.30pm, both days.

Old Master Prints From the British Rail Pension Fund. Over 100 lots of exceptional prints, from the early 15th century onwards, are expected to total £1 million plus. There are 18 Rembrandts including *The Three Crosses* (£200,000-£300,000). Goya's series *Los Caprichos* should fetch over £100,000. Italian works by Tiepolo, Canaletto & Piranesi. June 29, 11am.

SPORT

ATHLETICS

Kodak Classic: Great Britain & Northern Ireland v Poland v Canada, Gateshead, June 13.

European Cup Bruno Zanli, Prague, Czechoslovakia. June 27, 28.

CRICKET

Cornhill Insurance Test series: England v Pakistan, First Test match, Old Trafford, Manchester, June 4-6, 8, 9; Second Test match, Lord's, June 18-20, 22, 23. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P7.

(BA = Britannic Assurance County Championship, RA = Refuge Assurance League, NW = NatWest Bank Trophy)

Lord's: Middx v Essex (BA), June 3-5; v Glos (BA), June 6, 8, 9; v Glos (RA), June 7; v Glamorgan (BA), June 27, 29, 30; v Glamorgan (RA), June 28.

The Oval: Surrey v Warwick (RA), June 7; v Hants (BA), June 13, 15, 16; v Herts (NW), June 24.

CROQUET

Home Internationals, Westfield Close, Budleigh Salterton, Devon. June 6, 7.

Men's & Women's Championships, Cheltenham Croquet Club, Cheltenham, Glos. June 14-20.

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Croquet: Open Championships, Hurlingham Club, Ranelagh Gdns, SW6 3PR (736 3148), July 11-18. Contact Brian Macmillan.

Kirov Opera Company, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, July 28-Aug 8. Telephone booking from June 1 (240 1066, 240 1911, cc).

Bolshoi Ballet Academy, London Coliseum, WC2, July 21-Aug 1. Telephone booking from May 30 (836 3161, cc 240 5258).

V & A Course: History of the Fine & Decorative Arts. Two-week crammed study for those with a general interest, Aug 10-22. £150, concessions £100. For enrolment form & syllabus details contact Angela Thurgood, Victoria & Albert Museum, SW7 2RL (589 6371).

National Exhibition Centre, Birmingham. June 18-21.

GOLF

Amateur Championship, Prestwick, near Ayr. June 1-6.

Ladies' British Open Amateur Championship, Royal St David's GC, Harlech. June 9-13.

Dunhill British Masters', Woburn Golf & Country Club, Beds. June 4-7.

GREYHOUND RACING

Daily Mirror Greyhound Derby final, Wimbledon Stadium, SW19. June 27.

GYMNASTICS

NatWest Bank Gymnastics & Sports Acrobatics display, Crystal Palace, SE19. June 13.

HORSE RACING

Epsom meeting, June 3-6 (Ever Ready Derby Stakes, June 3; Gold Seal Oaks Stakes, June 6).

Royal Ascot, June 16-20 (Gold Cup, June 18).

MOTOR CYCLING

TT Races, Isle of Man. June 1-5.

POLO

Queen's Cup final, Alfred Dunhill Cup final, Windsor. June 7.

TENNIS

Dow Chemical Classic (ladies), Edgbaston Priory, Birmingham; **Stella Artois Grass Court Championships** (men) Queen's Club, W14; June 6-14.

Pilkington Glass Ladies' Championships, Devonshire Park, Eastbourne, E Sussex; **Bristol Trophy** (men), Redland Green, Bristol; June 13-20.

Pro-celebrity Tournament; the annual fun event which raises money for the Muscular Dystrophy Group, Albert Hall, SW7. June 19.

The Championships, All England Club, Wimbledon, SW19. June 22-July 5. SEE HIGHLIGHTS P11.

Contributors: Angela Bird, Margaret Davies, Edward Lucie-Smith, George Perry, Sally Richardson, Ursula Robertshaw, J. C. Trewhin. Information correct at time of going to press. Add 01- in front of London numbers if calling from outside the capital.

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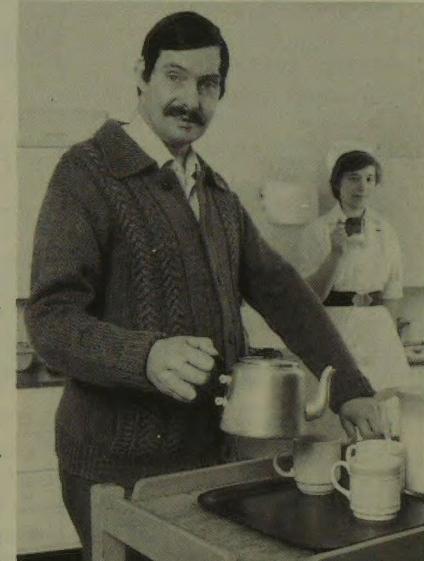
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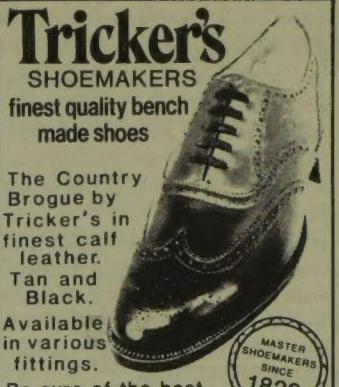


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Highway Patrol gives you the comfort and equipment of a luxury saloon, whether cruising all day at 70mph or taking a party to the theatre.

Byway Patrol becomes a tough workhorse, sturdy and go anywhere, ready to tackle the roughest ground, or to pull a horsebox out of a muddy field.

There are two versions of the dual character Patrol - 7 seater Estate or short wheelbase Hardtop; both with a choice of engines. Power-packed six cylinder 2.8 petrol, or 3.3 diesel. And the silky smooth gearbox with automatic selection of 4-wheel drive puts you firmly in control. Well spaced high and low ratios mean good acceleration on the open road and superb traction off it, giving the Patrol a massive

3500kg towing capacity. With the Patrol you don't have to sacrifice comfort for work rate. Luxurious cloth upholstery, plus deep-pile fitted carpets, full instrumentation, tinted glass, pushbutton radio and a host of other features make even long motorway journeys a pleasure. As driver you'll enjoy the power-assisted steering, the handling, the excellent visibility and the comfortable driving position. As passenger you'll appreciate the room, the smooth ride, and the quiet, luxurious comfort.

Like all Nissans, both the Patrol Hardtop and the Estate come with a free 100,000 mile/3 year guarantee plus a 6 year anti-corrosion warranty, so you can be sure that whether on the highways or byways the Patrol won't just be tough but reliable too.

Patrol



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